HUSTLER OF THE YEAR CINDY STARFALL: HOW TO BE A PORN STAR

PEEK INSIDE!

HUSTLER®

HARDCORE SINCE '74

DECEMBER 2016

COVER HONEYS
JESSA RHODES & VANESSA VERACRUZ

MASS SHOOTINGS
AN ALL-AMERICAN EPIDEMIC

VISIT A STRIP CLUB WITH
KURT VONNEGUT

DECEMBER 2016 $9.99 U.S.

13

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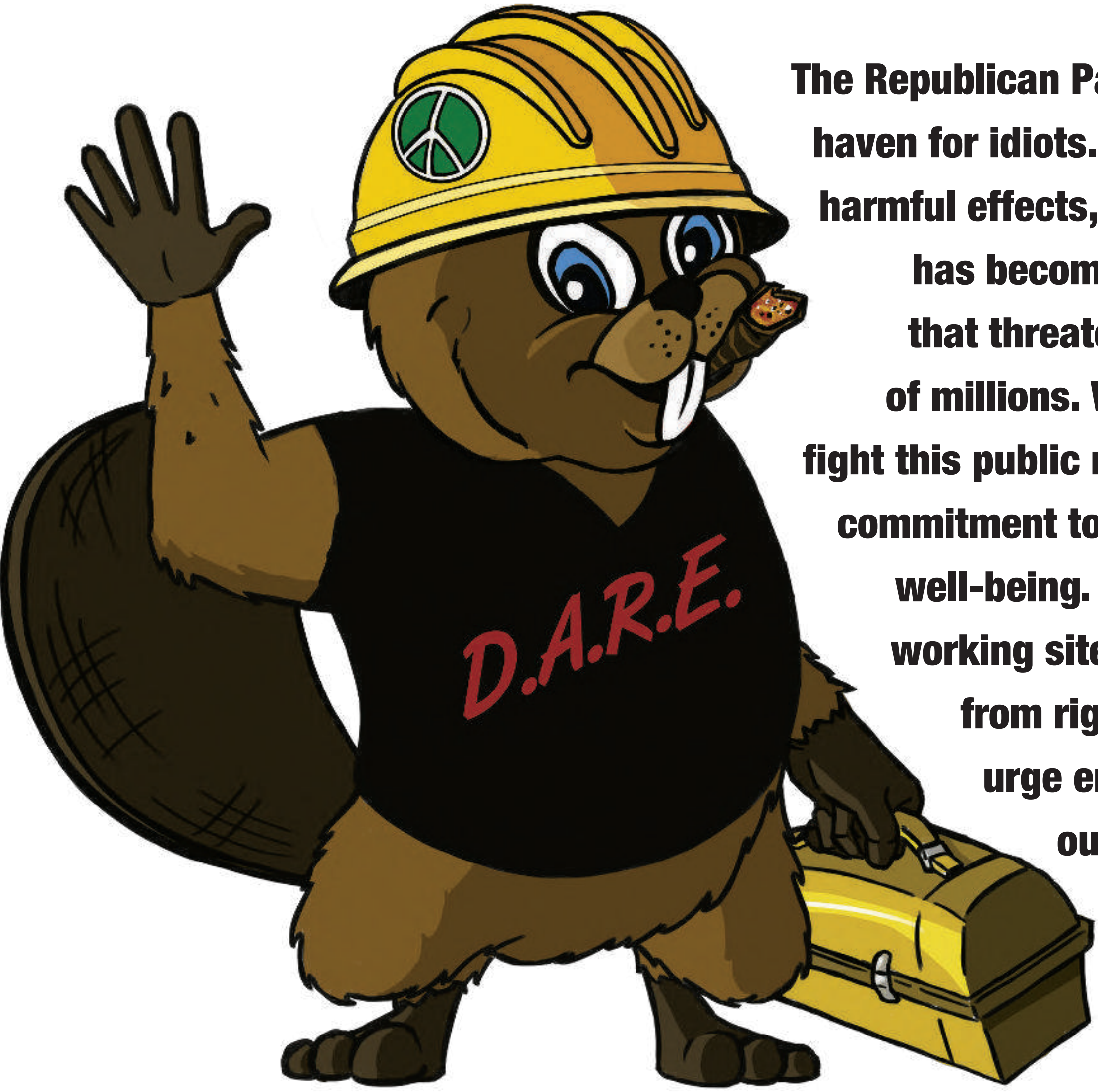
D.A.R.E.

TO RESIST FEAR AND LUNACY

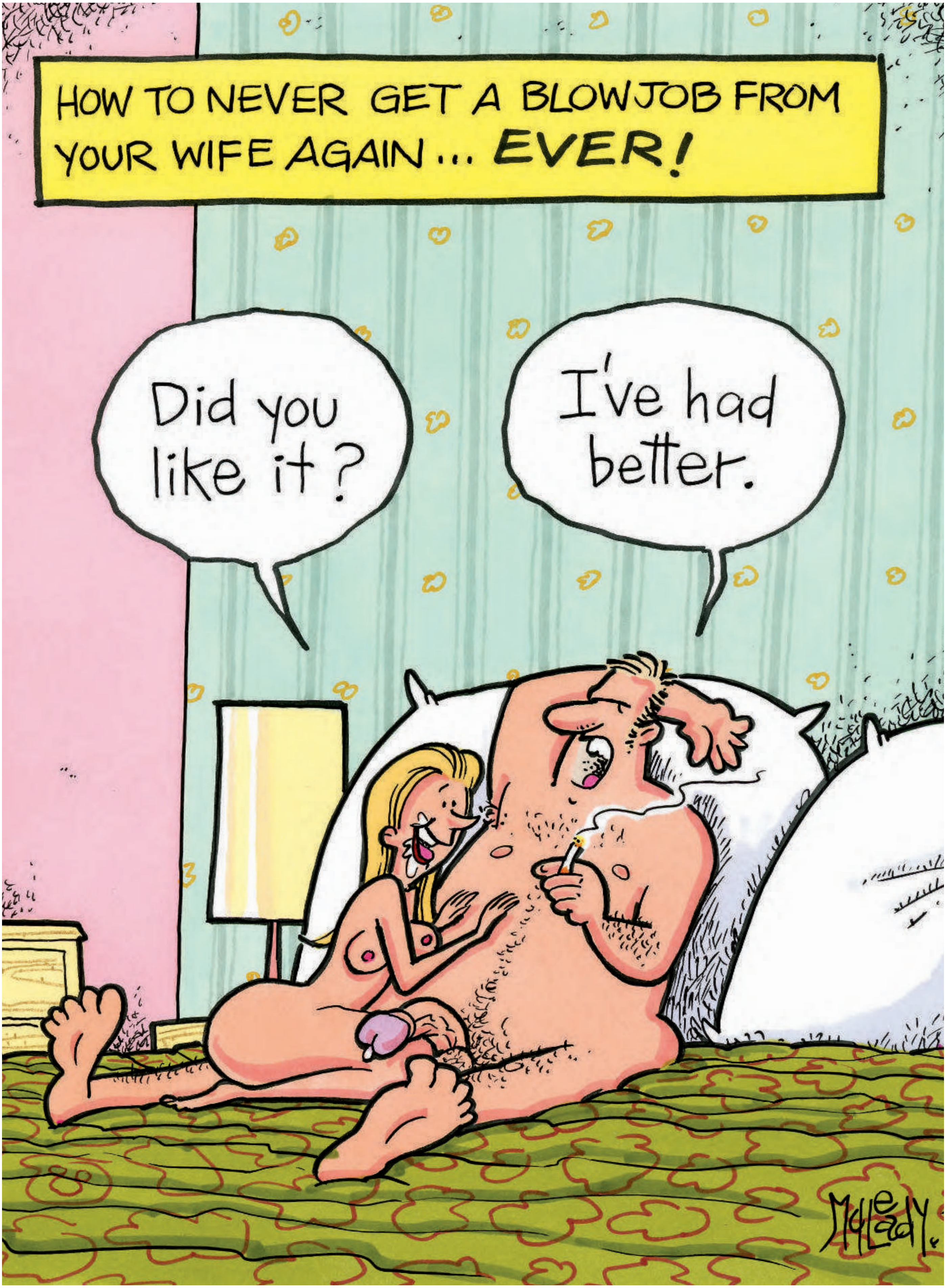


The Republican Party has become a safe haven for idiots. Brainwashing, with its harmful effects, especially on children, has become a public health crisis that threatens to destroy the lives of millions. We encourage states to fight this public menace and pledge our commitment to Americans' sanity and well-being. We applaud social networking sites that bar hate speech from right-wing dickheads. We urge energetic prosecution of outright assholery, which is closely linked to America's demise.

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM

DEMOCRACY ABUSE RESISTANCE EDUCATION

HUSTLER PARODY: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary on the antiporn language adopted unanimously into the GOP party platform. Bucky lifted said language and tweaked it just slightly to point out that the Republicans' war on porn is as preposterous as their inane war on drugs—a war that has cost American taxpayers over a trillion dollars to date and ruined the lives of more than half a million men and women through incarceration for nonviolent drug offenses. Perhaps the Greedy Oppressive Pricks should spend more time worrying about the effects of hate speech and fearmongering and less time worrying about the effects of eyeing beautiful women. Vote for Hillary. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.


HOW TO NEVER GET A BLOWJOB FROM YOUR WIFE AGAIN ... EVER!
Did you like it?
I've had better.
McLeady

DECEMBER 2016
Volume 43 Number 7
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

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Cover photo by Sir Ron
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HILLARY VS. THE DUMMY: DEMOCRATS MUST UNITE

I know it's been said before, probably ever since John Adams won the Presidency, but this really is one of the most crucial elections in American politics. It has also become the most volatile election in our history, with two of the most unpopular candidates ever.

A whole faction of Republicans vow that they will not vote for Trump and may even vote for Hillary. They are countered by Bernie or Bust Democrats who say they will not vote for Clinton under any circumstances. Traditional party loyalty and conventional political wisdom have been tossed on their ear.

We can all be grateful to Trump for ridding us of the last installment of the Bush crime family, along with radical-right carnival barkers Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio. But there is no way this vain, vulgar, hotheaded, vastly ignorant man can lead this nation into anything but disaster. Trump's interview with the editorial board of the *Washington Post* was astoundingly embarrassing and comical. He couldn't answer a single in-depth question about policy and spent most of the time obsessed with his hand-size controversy. He made Sarah Palin look like Einstein.

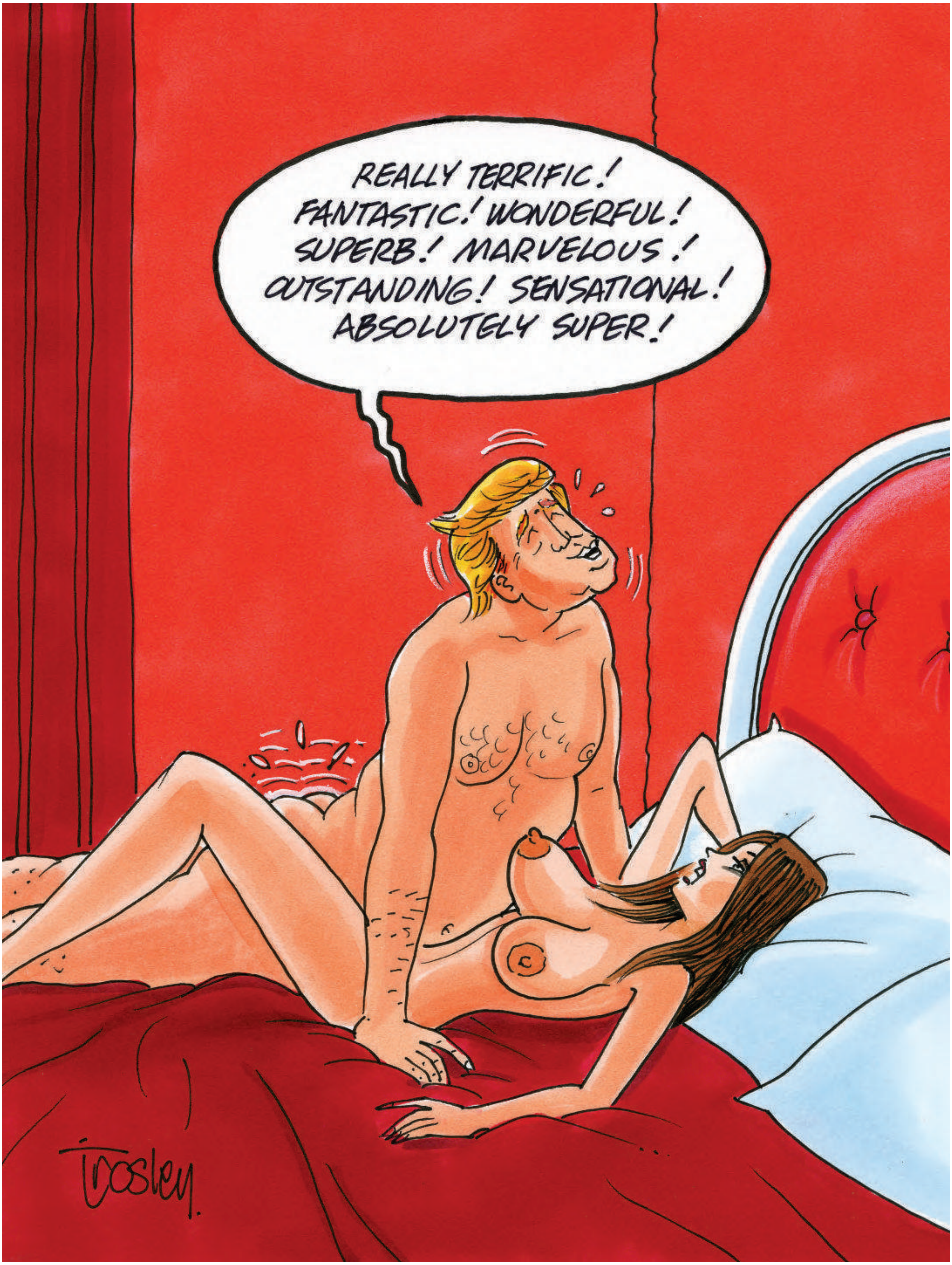
Trump admits that he doesn't read much. He says that he reaches the right decisions "with very little knowledge other than the knowledge I had, plus the words 'common sense,' because I have a lot of common sense, and I have a lot of business ability." This might be good enough for president of the glee club or CEO of a snack food company, but the last thing we need in the White House is another ignoramus relying on his gut instinct. Have you heard from George W. Bush lately?

Trump apparently approved the plank in the Republican platform stating that pornography "has become a public health crisis that is destroying the life [*sic*] of millions"—another evidence-free belief of the GOP. Funny though—online porn viewership hit an all-time high in Cleveland during the convention, 184% above normal, which confirms the Republicans' most abiding principle: Do as I say, not as I do.

There was also an apparent outbreak of norovirus at the convention. Symptoms include diarrhea, nausea, stomach pain, fever and headaches—exactly what I and thousands of Americans felt watching this spectacle of fear and loathing on TV.

We cannot let this sickening retrovirus, authoritarian Trumpism, spread in November. Hillary Clinton is not a perfect candidate, but Bernie Sanders has endorsed her, and it's time for all good citizens—Democrats, independents and responsible Republicans—to come together and ensure her victory over this truly dangerous buffoon.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


REALLY TERRIFIC! FANTASTIC! WONDERFUL! SUPERB! MARVELOUS! OUTSTANDING! SENSATIONAL! ABSOLUTELY SUPER!
Trosley.

"Why can't you just moan in ecstasy when you come like everyone else?!"

PATRIOTIC PRETENSE

OUR GOVERNMENT CONTINUES TO KEEP US IN THE DARK ABOUT SAUDI ARABIA'S CONNECTION TO 9/11.

When it comes to national security, we Americans are a pathetic herd of sheep, easily led from one disastrous foreign entanglement to another without seriously questioning the leaders who consistently betray us. Such is the case with the 9/11 attacks, which have been used by Presidents of both parties to wage pointless, costly wars that have left the world a far more dangerous place while undermining our freedom and fundamental right to privacy at home. We don't dare challenge this madness for fear of being deemed unpatriotic.

I fondly evoke the caution our greatest war hero, George Washington, urged in his Presidential farewell address: "Guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism." It gives one the courage to question the "official" 9/11 narrative and thereby risk being derided as some sort of conspiracy kook for daring to suggest that we have not yet been offered a logically plausible explanation of what happened.

I'm not raising questions about the precise configuration of explosive power needed to bring down the World Trade Center towers or structurally damage the Pentagon. I'll leave that to skeptics better versed in the science of demolition. I'm referring to the pivotal role of Saudi Arabia, home of 15 of the 19 hijackers and the birthplace of terrorist mastermind Osama bin Laden. Yet, until recently, this obvious link went unexplored in the public record because the most embarrassing details of U.S. capitulation to Saudi Arabia—a fountain of oil wealth and lucrative arms sales—were kept secret.

In July a 28-page segment of the Congressional "Joint Inquiry into Intelligence Community Activities before and after the Terrorist Attacks of September 11, 2001" was finally declassified—with redactions no less. "While in the United States," it begins, "some of the September 11th hijackers were in contact with, and received support or assistance from, individuals who may be connected to the Saudi Government." But, the report later discloses, "it was only after September 11 that the U.S. Government began to aggressively investigate this issue. Prior to September 11th, the FBI apparently did not focus investigative resources on [redacted] Saudi nationals in the United States, due to Saudi Arabia's status as an American 'ally.'"

Those mysterious 28 pages from the bipartisan joint Congressional inquiry on 9/11, whose report was released in December 2002, had been kept from public view by President George W. Bush. It's profoundly significant that the Bush family has had a long, cozy relationship with the House of Saud, strikingly so with Prince Bandar bin Sultan, Saudi Arabia's ambassador to the United States from 1983 to 2005.

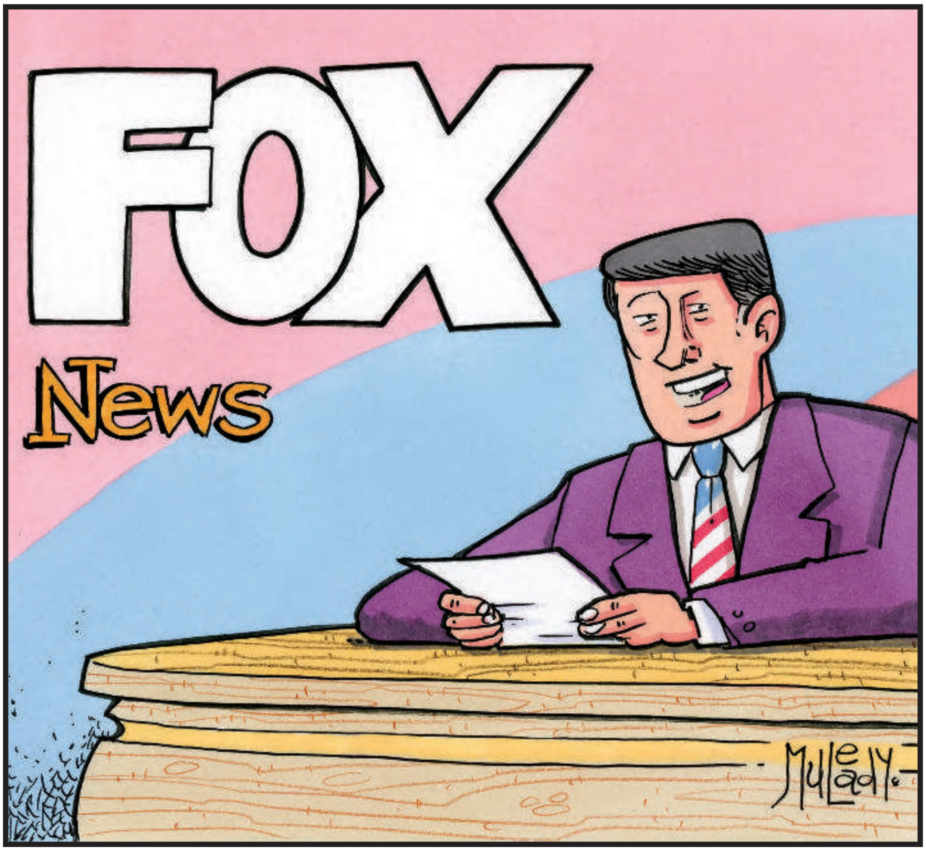
Bandar got Bush to allow many prominent Saudis, including bin Laden's brother, to fly out of this country in the days after 9/11, when most flights were still grounded. But Bush buddy Bandar is outed in the inquiry's report as a source of funding for Osama Bassnan, a Saudi resident of San Diego, California, suspected of financing two of the hijackers taking flight training in that city.

The Congressional joint inquiry gathered extensive information on the Saudi connection to 9/11 and made it available to the Bush Administration before the 2003 invasion of Iraq, a country that had absolutely nothing to do with 9/11. Not so Saudi Arabia, the spawning ground for the terrorist organization al-Qaeda. The kingdom offered diplomatic recognition to the Taliban government in Afghanistan, where bin Laden was provided sanctuary while he plotted the 9/11 carnage.

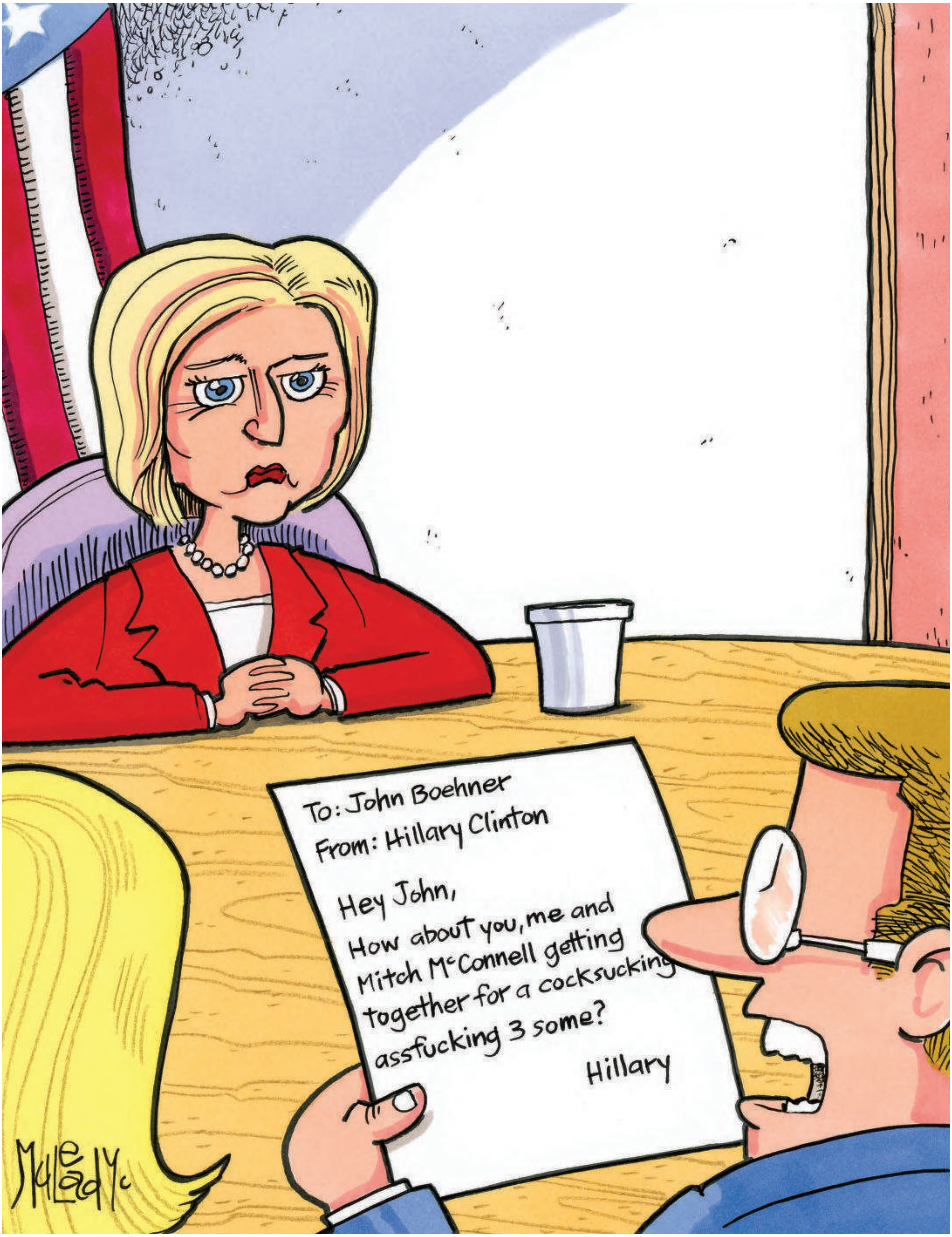
Despite the history of Saudi funding and recruitment for al-Qaeda, U.S. intelligence agencies under Bush chose to look the other way. As the Congressional probe concluded, "The FBI and CIA have informed the Joint Inquiry that, since the September 11 attacks, they are treating the Saudi issue seriously, but both still have only a limited understanding of the Saudi Government's ties to terrorist elements."

No wonder the U.S. government worked so hard to keep the Saudi connection secret for almost 14 years. How embarrassing that our so-called intelligence agencies and the President they served could so effectively discover nonexistent weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, but fail to notice that our supposed ally Saudi Arabia has been the primary sponsor of terrorism around the world, most notably the devastating 9/11 attacks on the United States.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"Fox News. We know we're full of shit. How come *you* don't?!"


To: John Boehner
From: Hillary Clinton
Hey John,
How about you, me and Mitch McConnell getting together for a cocksucking assfucking 3 some?
Hillary

"I believe our committee has discovered why you were using a private email server, Mrs. Clinton."

SUPREME CHAOS

COURTING DISASTER…

The U.S. Supreme Court finished its 2015-2016 session with a number of positive surprises. Many were stunned to see liberal-leaning decisions concerning guns, abortion and race-conscious school admission policies. The Court even delivered a unanimous—yes, unanimous!—ruling on a definition for bribery of public officials.

Those judgments certainly weren't expected—not with an empty seat on the bench. The death of hard right-wing Associate Justice Antonin Scalia last February rendered the Court ideologically split between four Republican and four Democratic appointees. That they could make some surprisingly progressive decisions might suggest all is well. The truth, however, is that the authority of the nation's highest court now hangs by a thread.

There's a reason why the U.S. Supreme Court has nine seats, not eight or ten. Tied opinions are possible only when one or more justices recuse themselves from a particular case, primarily if there is a conflict of interest. An odd number of jurists on the Supreme Court, the ultimate arbiter of the Rule of Law in this nation, assures definitive decisions, for good or bad, one way or another.

But in case after case since Scalia's death, the Supremes have been unable to offer the American public such clarity. That's because Republicans in the U.S. Senate have refused to even hold a confirmation hearing, much less a vote, on federal judge Merrick Garland, President Obama's nominee to fill Scalia's seat. The result has mostly been a disturbing collection of 4-4 splits or refusals to hear cases altogether. In the event of a tie, the lower court's ruling stands. And confusion reigns.

Take for example *Zubik* v. *Burwell*, one of the most anticipated rulings of the past session. The case concerned the Affordable Care Act (Obamacare) mandate requiring religious institutions, other than churches, to supply birth control coverage to female employees. Six challenges to the requirement, with conflicting rulings at various courts of appeal, were combined into a single case to be decided once and for all by the Supremes. They issued a *per curiam* ruling that vacated the decisions of the circuit courts of appeals, so all of the individual cases were sent back down to the lower courts for reconsideration.

"Let's be clear on what the justices are really doing here," Constitutional law expert Ian Millhiser told me after the decision came down. "They're saying…'Go talk to these other judges, and go spend a year, maybe a year and a half, jumping through some hoops. And when you're done jumping through those hoops, come back to us. Hopefully at that point there'll be a ninth justice, and we can decide this case.' It's solely a delay tactic."

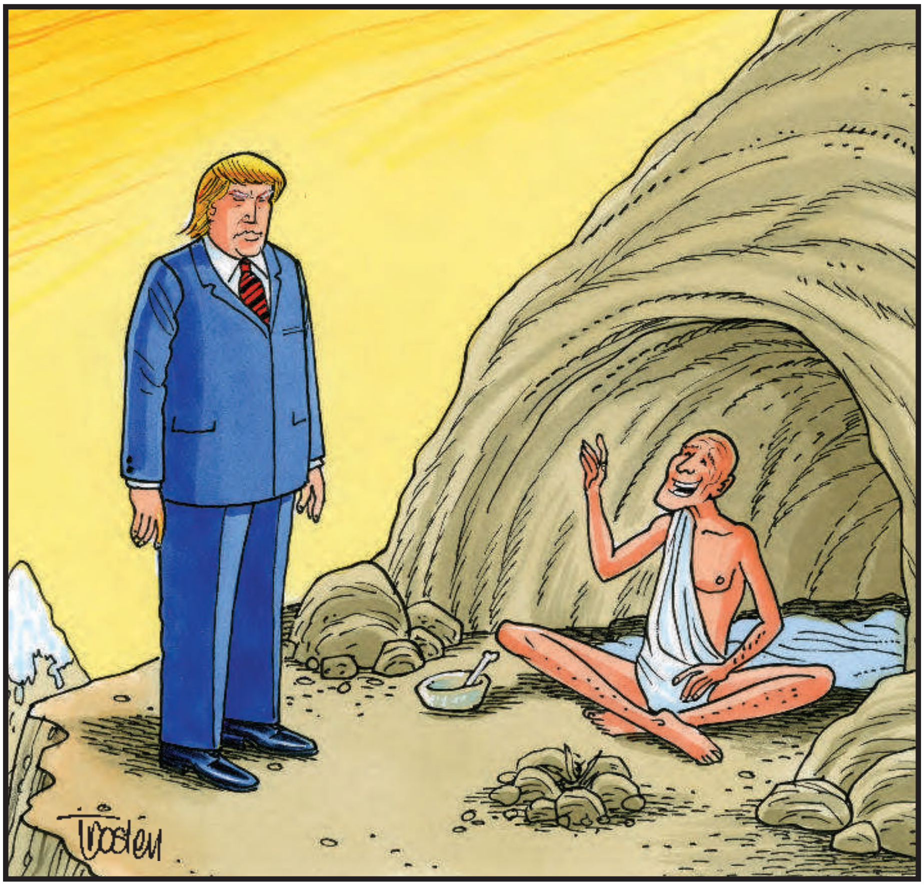
The result—in this and similar cases—is that, depending on where one lives, the conflicting rulings of the lower courts mean differing interpretations of the same federal laws.

"You don't want a situation where a woman has one set of rights in Texas, and another completely different set of rights if she goes across the border into Arkansas," Millhiser said. "You could have people intentionally bringing cases in jurisdictions where they think they could win. You could potentially have one employer that's subject to one court order in one jurisdiction, saying that they have to comply with the law, and a different court order in a different jurisdiction saying they don't have to comply with the law. The mechanism we have to sort out that chaos is the Supreme Court of the United States."

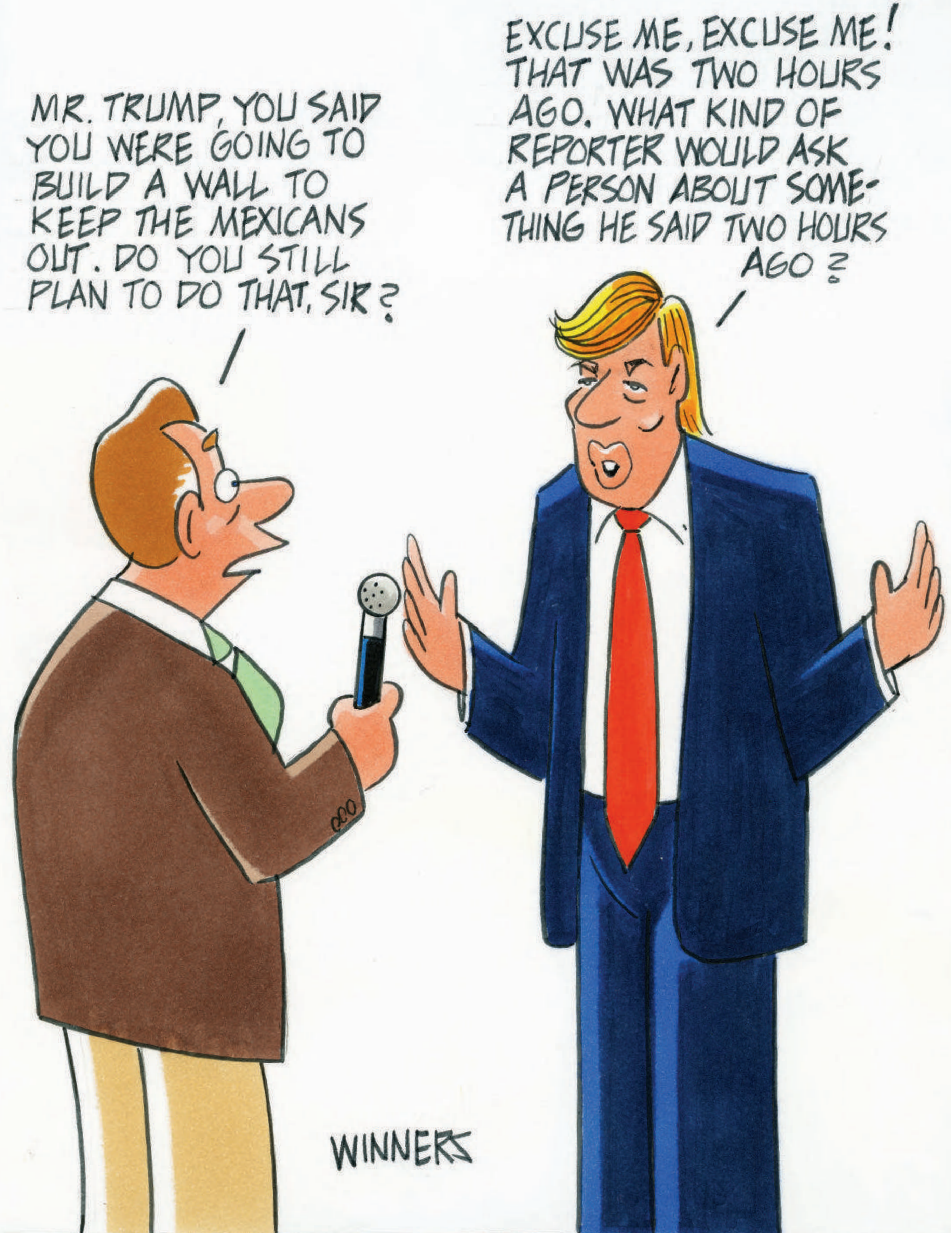
Well, that *used* to be the mechanism. Not satisfied with having undermined the Executive (the President and federal agencies) and Legislative (the U.S. Congress) branches of government, Republicans have now decided to undermine the Judicial branch as well. They seem dead set on breaking the country itself and whatever is left of its Rule of Law by refusing to allow a non-Republican President to appoint any justice whose confirmation may finally, after decades, result in a Supreme Court that actually reflects the liberal mind-set of the majority of Americans.

Even before Scalia died, it was predicted that as many as four justices may need to be replaced by the next President. If that President is a Democrat, there's no reason to believe that Republicans in the U.S. Senate will allow any vacancy to be filled no matter which party is in control. In short, the judicial chaos could get even worse. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"You'll never be able to achieve inner peace, Donald.
You're a fucking Republican!"


MR. TRUMP, YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO BUILD A WALL TO KEEP THE MEXICANS OUT. DO YOU STILL PLAN TO DO THAT, SIR?
EXCUSE ME, EXCUSE ME! THAT WAS TWO HOURS AGO. WHAT KIND OF REPORTER WOULD ASK A PERSON ABOUT SOMETHING HE SAID TWO HOURS AGO?
WINNERS

MIKE PENCE

If by some dark twist of fate Donald Trump gains the White House, with all of his many contradictory statements and positions, how would he really run the country? Thanks to his pick for Vice President, we now know: Mike Pence, current governor of Indiana, would actually be in charge, while his nominal boss would continue playing the buffoonish emcee in his ultimate reality TV show, *POTUS Unplugged*.

Pence the apprentice was picked due to his bona fides with the evangelical base and his experience in government. But no sooner had Trump picked him—probably by coin flips—than he was overcome with buyer's remorse and desperately tried to change his choice up to midnight on the Friday before the convention, according to CNN. After relying on his "gut feeling" for people, Trump may have belatedly researched Pence and discovered he'd blown it—"Sarah Palin without the charisma," in the words of HuffPost writer Eric Schmeltzer.

This has become a tradition in the conservative cause: nominating either the village idiot for VP or an evil Svengali who pursues a covert agenda behind an amiable frontman. In the first category we have Dan Quayle and Sarah Palin; in the second, George Bush Senior running foreign policy while senile Reagan napped, and Dick Cheney puppeteering Junior Bush. Pence appears to be a hybrid of both types: an idiot *and* behind-the-curtains decision maker, doubling the potential horror of a Trump Presidency.

Incredibly, Trump used Arthur Culvahouse, the same lawyer who helped choose Sarah Palin for McCain's disastrous campaign, to vet Pence. Not a great start for the Big Boss who claims to hire "great" people! And Pence was not his first choice: Kasich was offered the plum first by Donald Jr., according to one of Kasich's advisers. "The most powerful Vice President in history," said Trump's son, who explained that his dad's VP would be in charge of *both domestic and foreign policy*, which leaves…what, exactly, for Trump to do? "Making America great again," parroted Junior.

So while the Donald is touring foreign capitals, hosting White House galas and delivering his entertaining Insult of the Week, Mike Pence would work with the legislature to implement his agenda: a time-machine return to *Leave It to Beaver*/*Father Knows Best* days and then all the way back to the Dark Ages.

Most infamously, Pence signed into law one of the nation's most restrictive abortion laws, along with Indiana's Religious Freedom Restoration Act, allowing individuals and businesses to discriminate against LGBT people, citing their antiquated religious beliefs. Like other troglodyte GOP governors before him, Pence faced a firestorm of negative reaction, both moral and financial, and hedged the discriminatory law with some new legalese to put out the fire. But his whole record reads like a legislative Necronomicon: how to vote wrong on almost every conceivable issue, with hellish consequences.

Pence has opposed: every attempt to raise the minimum wage since 2007, condemning working Americans to increasing poverty and reliance on food stamps; the Dodd-Frank Reform Bill that almost reined in the Wall Street banking mafia; the Detroit auto-industry bailout and Obama's 2009 Recovery Act; the Affordable Care Act, the Clean Energy Act and the EPA's authority to regulate greenhouse emissions; closing Guantanamo, one of the most shameful betrayals in American history; embryonic stem-cell research that is finally developing new cures for age-old diseases; reduced penalties for pot smokers, despite close to half of America's costly, world-record, number-one prison population being harmless dopers; Common Core education standards. And the Matthew Shepard and James Byrd Jr. Hate Crimes Prevention Act.

As a Catholic/born-again evangelical, Pence gnashes his teeth over any sexual relationship not prescribed by the Holy Bible. He wants to repeal the Pentagon's Don't Ask, Don't Tell policy: "Homosexuality is incompatible with military service," he explains, "because the presence of homosexuals in the ranks weakens unit cohesion." If you ever do get to heaven, Mikey, tell that to the spirits of the 300 Spartans—many if not most of them gay Greeks—whose incredibly disciplined *cohesion* held off a colossal Persian army at Thermopylae. We're sure you'd be immediately straitjacketed in a wet toga and ass-kicked out of paradise.

If they're good for anything, Republicans are supposed to make the private sector bloom, but under Pence's leadership Indiana had one of the slowest-growing economies in the whole nation: 0.4% versus the national average of 2.2% in 2014, despite Pence pushing through the largest tax cut in state history. This supply-side tax-cut nostrum almost never works, but reality has never deterred Republicans from cherishing it like the Holy Grail and Ark of the Covenant combined.

Pence's own confessions hold clues to his primitive mentality: "It all begins with Faith. It begins with what matters most and I try and put what I believe to be moral truth first, my philosophy of government second, and my politics third" and "I'm a Christian, a conservative and a Republican, in that order." Which might be translated as: *I'm an ignorant Bible thumper, a backward-facing stick-in-the-mud and an elephant's ass, in that order.*

A common belief among Pence's fundamentalist constituency is that "all the answers to life are in the Bible." True—if you're an illiterate serf gelding hogs in the Middle Ages, but in the modern world it really does help to read beyond the King James Version if you're going to run the government of the world's most complex nation. For instance, the overwhelming evidence, from countries worldwide, that needle exchange programs do not encourage illicit drug use, but do prevent the spread of infectious diseases. Ignoring all that, Pence stood his "moral high ground," opposing needle exchange programs that, along with cuts to Planned Parenthood funding, unleashed an HIV explosion in the state—God's punishment for the wicked and the innocent alike, because epidemics do not discriminate. The dumbass really believes that "condoms are a very, very poor protection against sexually transmitted diseases," despite abundant evidence to the contrary. His alternative solution? Abstinence education, which has a track record about as successful as U.N. declarations deterring terrorist atrocities.

But Pence is not all negative. He is for a few things, all of them bad: He was and remains a gung ho supporter of that huge clusterfuck, the Iraq war; he has supported every unconstitutional renewal and expansion of the un-American "PATRIOT Act"; he wants to enact a flat federal tax that would balloon the national debt while further impoverishing the middle class; he loves the coal industry and wants it to pump the dirtiest CO2 until the heavens turn black and the ice caps melt, because "Global warming is a myth"—a "myth" that even oil giants finally admit to be true beyond dispute.

He actually voted against the Trade and Globalization Act of 2007 that would have helped workers whose jobs have been shipped overseas, while ballyhooing every destructive free-trade agreement from CAFTA and NAFTA to the pending TPP and TTIP—so much for his tender Christian compassion! His boss disagrees on this issue, but in the likely event that, in Oliver Stone's words, our "shadow government will never allow [Trump] to exercise power," VP Pence could find himself suddenly ensconced in the Oval Office, like LBJ or Gerald Ford, with free rein to impose a virtual theocracy on the land. At long last the village idiot breaks through the glass ceiling! President Pence would rule like Ted Cruz without the brains. According to one senior House staffer: "Pence, smart? I used to eat salads at the Rayburn cafeteria that had more brains than Mike Pence."

After losing his first two Congressional races to a Democrat, Pence thanked God for the "gift of failure" that inspired him to start a talk-radio show broadcast over a meager 18 Indiana stations, "Rush Limbaugh on decaf," he called it. Believers and agnostics who know his abysmal record should all be praying for an electoral defeat that will send Mikey back to babbling out of his asshole on the airwaves in well-deserved Indiana obscurity—call it Rush Limbaugh on formaldehyde.

“I stopped believing in Santa Claus when I was six. Mother took me to see him in a department store, and he asked for my autograph.” —SHIRLEY TEMPLE, ACTRESS

HOLY FUCK, IT’S CHRISTMAS!

This just in: There is joy on earth. It’s on us to spread it around, and this time of year that means gifts. Sometimes it gets hard to figure out what goodies Old Saint Fatty should include in his sack of shit. So whether you’re seeking presents to start relationships or end them, we have suggestions.

PHOTO COURTESY BAD DRAGON ENTERPRISES INC.

◀ ANTHRO TOYS

If you want to see what it feels like to jam your dick into a shark, doing it with the “smooth, elegantly curved fins and detailed lips” of The Anthro Shark sounds a hell of a lot better than calling yourself a fish fucker. Bad Dragon makes toys for people who’d like to make love to animals without facing bestiality charges. Do you lust after gentle creatures of the forest? Try Alice the Bunny or Snowball the Deer. Looking for a more rugged experience? Rowan the Draft Horse or Duke’s Butt are bound to please. Natascha the Anthro Husky looks tight and ready, and Mary the Anthro Mare could prove to be a lifesaver (Merry Christmas, Mr. Hands, wherever you are).

www.Bad-Dragon.com/products

THE EVOLVER ▶

Certain people are complex and nearly impossible to shop for. Say there’s someone on your list that insists on small-batch, local, seasonal, cruelty-free, organic, artisanal shit; and say that same person also longs to cram a gun into human orifices. *Bang!* The Evolver hits the bull’s-eye. Kill ’em with five inches of made-to-order cock-gun (color-customized barrel and grip, natch).

www.HolePunchToys.com

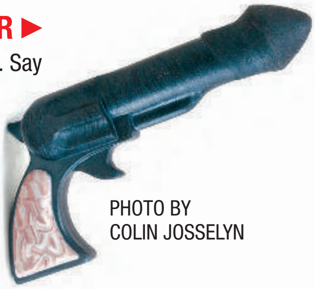
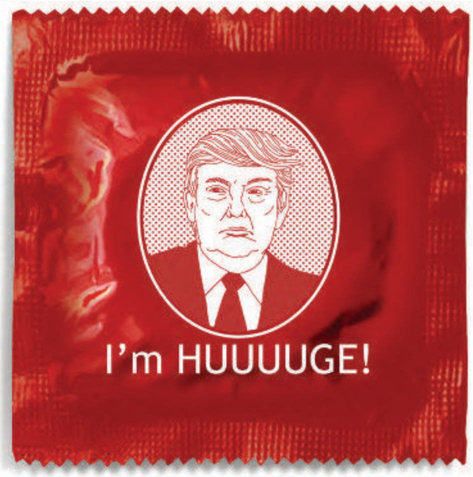


PHOTO BY
COLIN JOSSELYN



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For the big dicks on your list.

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◀ OVIPOSITOR

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Surprise your lady by turning your penis into a veritable sprinkler/watering can. Don’t ask why, but do remember to use lube before popping this baby up your piss slit. One size fits all, and God knows why, but it’s manufactured from aircraft aluminum.

www.OxBalls.com

PHOTO COURTESY BLUE OX DESIGNS

MAGIC BALL ▶

The creators of this baby say it’s a two-for-one since—and we quote verbatim—“Every women wants getting lean while they get off.” Maybe don’t mention the getting lean bit.

www.PinkDiamond69.com

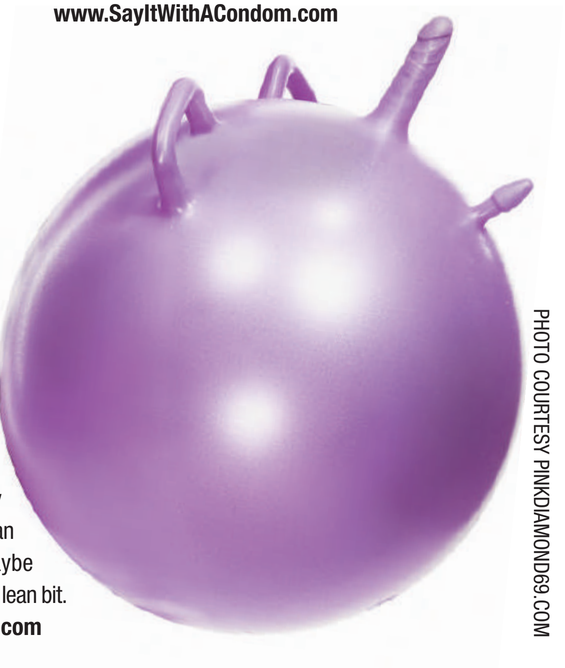


PHOTO COURTESY PINKDIAMOND69.COM

RUBBER RUBBISH

So long, jizz facials. If Proposition 60, a ballot measure going before Californians on November 8th, is voted in, your favorite cum queens will have to wear goggles, nose plugs and surgical masks if they don't want to be exposed to lawsuits.

The California Safer Sex in the Adult Film Industry Act put forward by the AIDS Healthcare Foundation *sounds* like a no-brainer. Safety good! AIDS bad! But many in the industry, as well as several AIDS/HIV groups and LGBT advocates, argue that the innocuous-sounding proposal will do more to endanger performers than protect them.

According to Prop. 60, any California resident who doesn't see condoms being used in a porn production can file a complaint with OSHA, the state's workplace safety watchdog, for noncompliance with Title 8, Section 5193 of the California Code of Regulations, or the "bloodborne pathogen standard," designed to protect workers who come into contact with "potentially infectious materials" at work. If the agency doesn't pursue the complaint, that person can sue anyone with a financial stake in the production, including performers, their legal names and home addresses then made public as a matter of court record. "Adult film performers already find themselves the target of 'stalkers,' oftentimes having to file restraining orders to protect their safety," Free Speech Coalition Executive Director Eric Paul Leue wrote in an open letter opposing the act. "This initiative simply provides another tool for harassment. We should protect all workers from harassment, not sanction it."

There are also fears that should Prop. 60 pass, the porn industry will leave California, be driven underground and become harder to regulate. Smelling the possible loss of millions in tax revenue, both the California Republican Party and California Democratic Party oppose the initiative. Finally, an XXX-ample of bipartisanship.

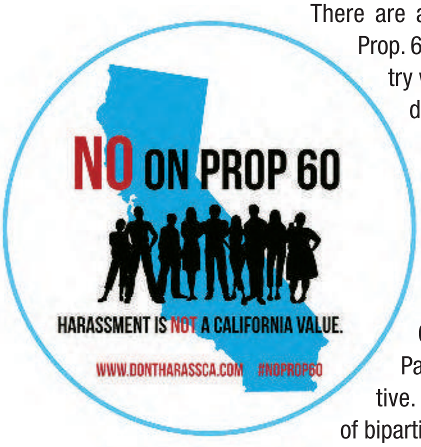

NO ON PROP 60
HARASSMENT IS NOT A CALIFORNIA VALUE.
WWW.DONTHARASSCA.COM #NOPROP60

IMAGE BY ISABEL DRESLER

"SORRY I'M A CUNT!"

Dani Mathers don't need no stinking publicist to go from low-ranking media celebrity (56th Playmate of the Year and a recurring role as "waitress" on *The Bold and the Beautiful*) to high-ranking internet hate-bait. The surgically enhanced model made herself a household name the second she took a photo of an unsuspecting woman showering in a gym locker room and uploaded it to a public Snapchat account with the bitchy caption, "If I can't unsee this then you can't either." In the foreground a fully dressed Mathers covers her mouth in disgust, apparently unable to fathom the existence of a female body unlikely to draw admiring gropes from the lizard paws of Hef, aka Puffin.

The 29-year-old quickly returned to Snapchat to post the world's worst apology—since videos can only be uploaded in ten-second segments, it comes off as authentic as an undercover anti-Planned Parenthood video. Within the span of a few hours Mathers had turned herself into the most reviled person in America since J. Bruce Ismay, with thousands calling her out for being a fat-shaming mean girl.

Now under criminal investigation by the Los Angeles Police Department for "disseminating private images," Mathers hopefully saved some of that $100,000 prize money she received from *Playboy* back in 2015. She's lawyered up with Michael Jackson's former attorney Tom Mesereau, but if that doesn't work out, former HUSTLER editor turned defense attorney Dan Kapelovitz is ready to take her call. Founder of the Radical Law Center, Kapelovitz says he'd urge Mathers to "seek a civil compromise"—that is to say, pay off her victim. "If the case goes to trial," Kapelovitz theorizes, "she could argue that she had no intent to invade the woman's privacy, but merely meant to promote fitness. But unless she gets a jury of 12 similarly dim-witted *Playboy* models, she better hope the civil compromise works."

PHOTO © WENN LTD./ALAMY

"Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, FOUNDING FATHER

DEVIL IN DISGUISE

PHOTO BY ALEJANDRO GARCIA CONTRERAS

“Are we going to dress up?” asks one Satanic Temple member with the earnest enthusiasm of a Boy Scout marching in his first parade. It’s June 6, 2016—not quite 6.6.6, but close enough. The Los Angeles Chapter of the Satanic Temple is meeting at social activist and comedian Steve Hill’s house in Palmdale in preparation for heading down to Lancaster City Hall, where they will present city officials with a framed copy of the organization’s “The Seven Tenets,” core beliefs that have nothing to do with sex orgies or ritualistic blood drinking, but rather humanity, justice and rationality: “One should strive to act with compassion and empathy towards all creatures.... The freedoms of others should be respected, including the freedom to offend.... We should take care never to distort scientific facts to fit our beliefs.... People are fallible...”

The Satanic Temple has been using The Dark One’s shock value to claim an impressive number of political results in its relatively brief existence. Among its achievements: raising funds to help indigent women access abortions; forcing Florida Governor Rick Scott’s hand after he signed a senate bill allowing student-led prayer at school assemblies, arguing that prayers could be led by a student from any religion, including Satanism; holding a “Pink Mass” at the graveside of the mother of Fred Phelps, head of the infamous Westboro Baptist Church, in hopes of turning Ma Phelps “gay in the afterlife”; getting Oklahoma to remove a Ten Commandments statue—installed and paid for with private donations—from its state capitol building by seeking permission to erect its own privately funded statue (rather than make room for the best statue ever, a nine-foot bronze of a goat-headed Baphomet flanked by two adoring children, the Oklahoma Supreme Court ruled that the state constitution prohibited the use of public property to support “any sect, church, denomination or system of religion,” and the 4,800-pound Ten Commandments slab was hauled away in the middle of the night); after a public school district in Orange County, Florida, allowed a religious group to pass out Bibles to students, the Satanic Temple sought permission to distribute a Satanic coloring book, prompting the school board to suddenly ban distribution of *all* religious, political and sectarian materials; and not last and not least, the Temple fought to join New York state’s Adopt-a-Highway program, because cleanliness is also next to devilishness.

Temple members are cagey when it comes to whether or not they actually hail Satan, though in 2015 Malcolm Jarry, a pseudonym used by one founder of the Satanic Temple, told *The New York Times* that he does not believe in Satan, but realizes how effective a satanic organization is in terms of generating theater, mischief and examination of religious bias.

Steve Hill, a former Marine sergeant, also recognized Satan’s drawing power. “Lancaster is so religious that you basically have to tell people that you are the fucking devil to get their attention,” he explains to HUSTLER. “All of it is stupid. I don’t believe in the devil any more than I believe in God. But if I have to tell people I’m the devil to get them to listen, then, okay, I’m the devil.”

After decades working in Lancaster County for the Department of Corrections and local schools, Hill is passionate about public school reform, job creation and incarceration reduction. He ran unsuccessfully last year as a write-in candidate during a special election, but was ignored by local establishment and media. This year his campaign for a seat in California’s state Senate got just as little traction. Then he declared himself a Satanist. The effect was immediate, with *Time* running a feature under the headline “He’s an Atheist. A Satanist. And He Wants Your Vote.” The attention came too late to make much difference for his own chances, but Hill isn’t disappointed: “A friend of mine is also running. If I can tell all these people I am the fucking devil so they will come out and vote against me, maybe it’ll help him.”

He and the Temple also share a cause: calling out Lancaster mayor Rex Parris for publicly proclaiming Lancaster a “Christian community” and setting aside faith-based, community housing for Christians. Again, Hill thinks poor voter turnout is to blame, lamenting, “Parris won this last election with fewer than 5,000 votes because nobody votes. Everybody is too busy struggling. The mayor uses fear, division and religion to separate and scare people. It’s another Ferguson waiting to happen.”

Not if Hill and the Los Angeles Chapter of the Satanic Temple can help it. Snacks, water and sunscreen in order, the group heads to the courthouse to deliver its tenets and shake hands with police officers, smiling, waving and taking the blazing hostility they’re greeted with in stride. Hail Satanic Citizens!

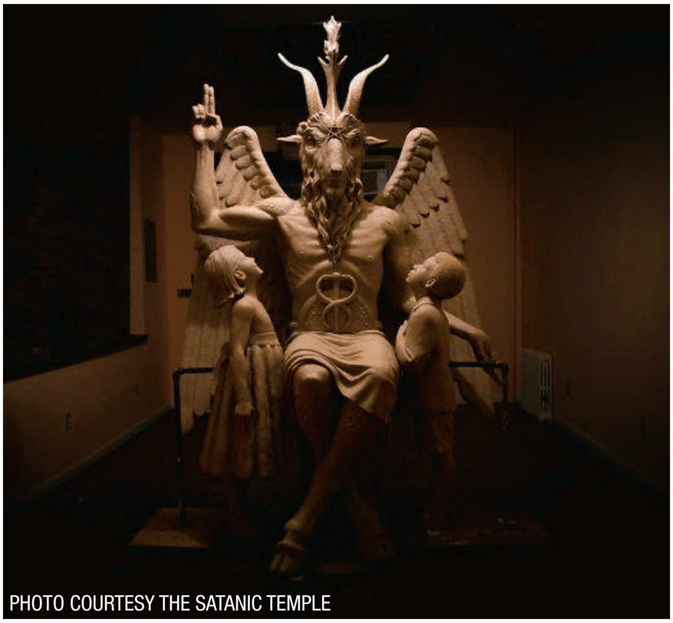
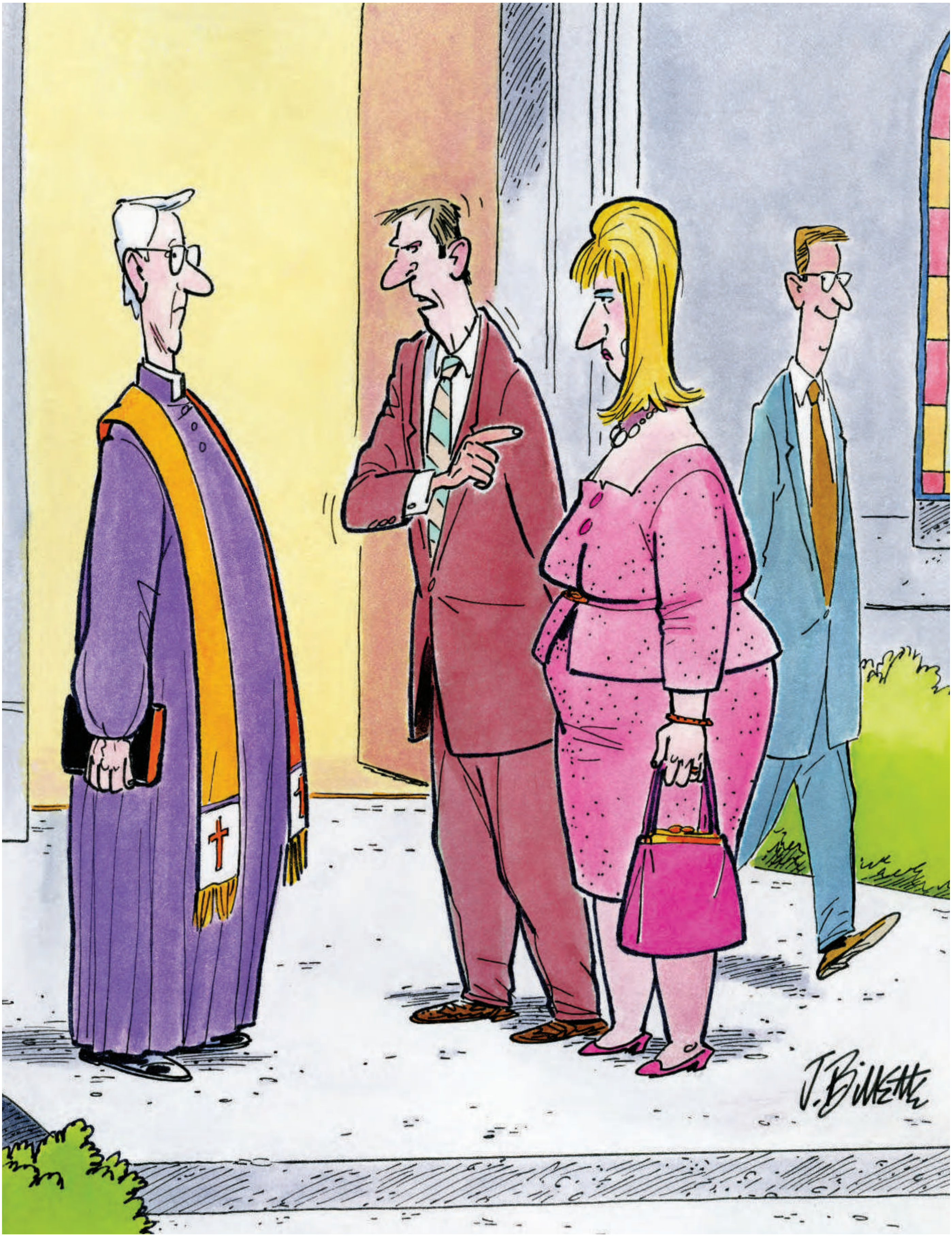


PHOTO COURTESY THE SATANIC TEMPLE

“I do not fear Satan half so much as I fear those who fear him.” —***SAINT TERESA OF AVILA***



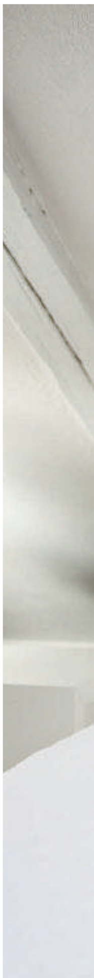
“Pastor Tim, how come God could only come up with ten commandments?
Joanie here has 86 just for our fucking bedroom alone!”

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

NIKA

NO APOLOGIES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CR INC.



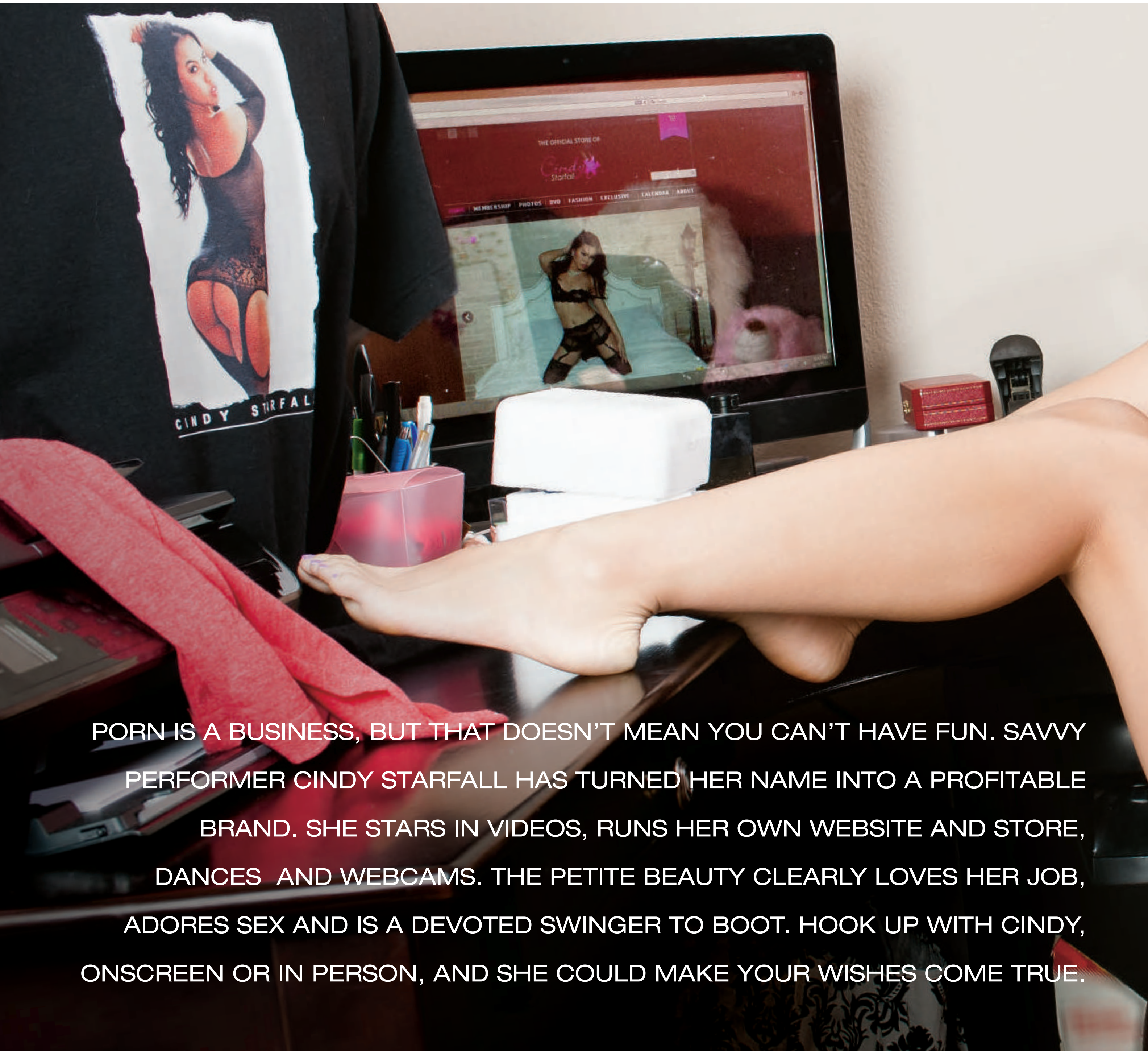
My boyfriend takes it personally if I masturbate. He acts hurt, like I'm cheating on him or something. So I don't tell him how much I do it. But I do it a lot. I know my body really well now, and I've gotten to be a total pro. No apologies. With just my fingers and imagination, I can give myself orgasms that leave me shaking. My boyfriend assumes I stopped jilling off, and that's why I'm so horny for him. He has no idea that the more I come, the more I *need* to come."

NIKA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Prague, Czech Republic** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-8**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-25-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**

STAR LIGHT STAR BRIGHT

ARTICLE BY MISH BARBER-WAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIR RON


CINDY STARFALL
THE OFFICIAL STORE OF
Cindy Starfall
MEMBERSHIP
PHOTOS
DVD
FASHION
EXCLUSIVE
CALENDAR
ABOUT

PORN IS A BUSINESS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T HAVE FUN. SAVVY PERFORMER CINDY STARFALL HAS TURNED HER NAME INTO A PROFITABLE BRAND. SHE STARS IN VIDEOS, RUNS HER OWN WEBSITE AND STORE, DANCES AND WEBCAMS. THE PETITE BEAUTY CLEARLY LOVES HER JOB, ADORES SEX AND IS A DEVOTED SWINGER TO BOOT. HOOK UP WITH CINDY, ONSCREEN OR IN PERSON, AND SHE COULD MAKE YOUR WISHES COME TRUE.

Before I arrive at the home of porn entrepreneur Cindy Starfall, she emails to ask if I eat meat. The Vietnamese-born adult entertainment sensation loves to cook her native cuisine and wants to make me a bahn mi sandwich.

I drive into the outskirts of Los Angeles County, past rolling green fields and cow farms, and pull up to Cindy's house, tucked into a small community of brand-new homes in the middle of what feels like nowhere. She answers the door wearing a blue terry cloth romper and flashes a big smile. The 26-year-old star is beautiful, small—she's only 4-11—and very fit. When she gives me a hug, her head barely grazes my breasts.

Cindy likes animals. Her orange tabby skirts through the house, a bell jingling around his neck. She's got a fishbowl in the kitchen, and across her dining room table is a big tank with a turtle. I ask what the turtle's name is.

"I just call him Turtle," she says with a laugh that echoes through her suburban home. "One day he showed up on my doorstep and wanted to be my pet. He was so tiny."

Sitting at the kitchen table is Tia Kai, a fellow porn star and Cindy's girlfriend. The two often work as a team on camera and at conventions, but tonight they will be performing live on webcam for a lucky fan whose highest bid won him a 15-minute private sex show.

Cindy does webcam work on the regular and has made a lucrative, successful career out of it. Her fan base is huge and still growing. "It's mostly men, older men," she says. "Lots of black guys, but that's because I did a successful interracial movie."

"And because she has the butt!" Tia reaches out and slaps her friend's ass. They both break out into infectious giggles.

Cindy brings me my sandwich, complete with homemade pickled vegetables that she delicately forks out on top of the delicious hot

>>

meal. She says that she doesn't cook as often as she'd like. Vietnamese recipes are all preparation, waiting around for the broth to reach perfection after 18 hours. "I'm just so busy now," she says with a smile.

Starfall first came to America as a foreign exchange student. Compared to her home of Saigon, America felt free and almost magical. She fell in love and knew she would do whatever she could to stay. She studied English, conquered the language barrier and worked hard to keep herself in college. In Vietnam Cindy was adopted into and raised by a very wealthy family, and although she had fiscal luxuries, her parents were extremely strict. She was sent to an all-female Catholic school and kept away from boys, sheltered completely.

"I was sexually repressed growing up," she remembers. "In my family sex is a no-no awkward topic. Even if sex comes on television or people kiss, everyone gets nervous. It's a shaming thing. Girls cannot talk about enjoying sex, even in marriage. Whenever I masturbated, I had to keep quiet, as my mom's room was next door. Every time I would come, I would feel ashamed, but it was so good that I kept doing it."

When Cindy started college in America, it was her first time away from the rules of her family, and she discovered sexual freedom. She dove headfirst into the swinging lifestyle, experimenting with different couples. It seems like a big leap for someone who had so little sexual experience, but swinging helped coax out her inner exhibitionist. She tells me that having sex with swingers opened her mind and freed her inner freak.

"I saw how confident these older women were, and I thought it was so sexy," Cindy says in her strong accent. "I wanted to be those women. Their confidence turned me on. [These experiences] helped me talk more openly. I didn't care if people judged me. I stopped feeling ashamed when I masturbated and started to become myself."

After college she worked in corporate offices but felt stifled by the general boredom and peer judgement about her personal life. The routine was the same every day, and everyone pried into everyone else's business. To keep things interesting, Cindy spent nights swinging with various couples, finding out exactly who she was through blowjobs and butt plugs—which soon led to the idea that sex could become a career.

"First I did webcam shows at night, when I was still working at my corporate job," she says, detailing her entry into the world of adult entertainment. "I loved people watching me get naked, so I figured why not give porn a try?

"Men are always going to pay for sex in a way," she continues with a sly little grin. "Whether it's an envelope with $1,000 to fuck or they take you out on a date for dinner…they are always paying for sex."

Cindy's first scene was stereotypically Asian. It was a "hidden camera" for Reality Kings, and she played a fresh-off-the-boat Vietnamese masseuse who gives a really happy ending. Cindy remembers she wasn't nervous about the sex. She was excited. Her only fear was her accent. "My English was not so good back then," she laughs. "I didn't realize how long [filming] took. I thought I would walk in and work for an hour, but sometimes I can be on set for almost six hours. You have sex for 45 minutes, but then there's makeup, photos, redoing angles and positions. I was surprised by all this when I first started. >>

"I have so much admiration for [men] in porn because their job is very hard," Cindy says. "Like the guys who do POV—they have to get blown *and* hold the camera. It's not for every guy! They can't all do it. [Porn] is not regular sex. It's all angles. You don't have sex the way you do at home. I am my own boss and not just when I shoot scenes, but how I market myself and my career. I am in charge."

In just a few short years Cindy has exploded into a full-fledged star, performing regularly for Reality Kings, Evil Angel and Jules Jordan, while also managing her own empire of Cindy Starfall products, private webcam shows and public events where she pole-dances, signs DVDs and poses for photos with her loving fans. In 2013 and 2014 she was nominated for several awards, including Best New Starlet at AVN (she finds the ceremony quite boring), Sex Awards Hottest New Girl and XBIZ's Best Gonzo Scene. She sells everything from Cindy Starfall PG-rated coffee mugs to body pillows that measure up almost as tall as she is, with her scantily clad figure on them. (She keeps a special one beside her bed at home.) She chose her professional name, a tribute to her favorite model Cindy Crawford, to avoid being lumped in with the other Asian stars. "I always loved the idea of a shooting star, the kind you wish upon, falling out of the sky," she explains.

Cindy's claim to fame is an interracial gangbang movie titled *Starfall*. Just her and eight guys. "It was a mix of white, black and Hispanic men," she says. "I loved having all eight of them look at me like I was a piece of meat that they couldn't wait to get their hands on." The scene starts with Cindy doing a striptease and escalates from there, excelling to double anal. "They gave my body a hard pounding. It was an epic scene."

Epic, but no longer unusual by today's standards. "Everything is so crazy now," she shrugs. "Like, what else can you put in your hole? Double anal, triple anal. Crazier and crazier. Some porn out there is all about how crazy it can be. That is what gets the views. But for me it's about pleasure. I want to enjoy it."

And she does. Cindy is a hypersexual creature who masturbates every morning, sometimes twice a day, and despite her hectic work schedule, she still has a Rolodex of go-to swinger couples to call upon for "sleepovers." "Group sex is like a buffet," she says. "You get a bit of everything. I remember one time I was home alone, and one of my swinger couples surprised me. Their big fantasy is pretending I am their foreign exchange stepdaughter, so the husband loves it when I call him Daddy. Well, Daddy decides to have me dress up like a schoolgirl. I'm in my bed when Mommy comes in." Cindy fucks Mommy, and then they both fuck Daddy. Mommy films Cindy blowing Daddy and—well, they go all night.

Cindy S
DIRECT

Cindy's trick for the perfect blowjob is lots of water. She insists on almost overhydrating before a scene because there is nothing worse than sucking dick with a dry mouth. "Plus, when I am hydrated, my mouth will create all this drool, and I'll be spitting all over that cock. The more messy the blowjob, the better it is for me."

Is there anything she won't do?

"Poop," she winces. "When people ask you to even poop on a plate, no. And throw up. No way."

Cindy does have at least one fantasy left to fulfill: twins, specifically two brothers or twin Russian sisters. "There is something about Russian girls that turns me on. And being with twins is so wrong." She gets off on taboos, rule-breaking and lots of variation.

"It would be a big challenge for me to be fully monogamous," she admits when I ask her if she could one day limit herself to one person. "Even if I was with one man, I would still check out that hot girl at the gym or that hot guy I met. I have to be with someone who will allow me to be myself."

After our dinner, Tia, Cindy and myself head upstairs to her bedroom so they can start the live sex show. At the top of the staircase is a stripper pole, and Cindy playfully swings around it. Then the girls head into the master bathroom to fix their hair and put on a little makeup. A closet of sexy costumes is overflowing with lace and mesh. We talk shop about girly things while they gloss their lips and select outfits.

"Today so many girls want to look exactly like one another, plastic surgery, [become] a Kardashian," Cindy says as she examines her face in the mirror. "No one looks like themselves anymore. I have no surgery, no tattoos, all natural, and that is my niche right there. I am not some dumb porn star, and I don't want to be marketed that way."

Curious, I want to know if Cindy's strict family knows what she does for a living. "One day my mother sent me a text message," Cindy says. "It was a [screen grab] of me getting gangbanged by a bunch of different men. She did not even write anything. She just sent the photo and the link to the movie, and I thought, *Wow, mom. You watch some crazy porn.*" She laughs. **>>**

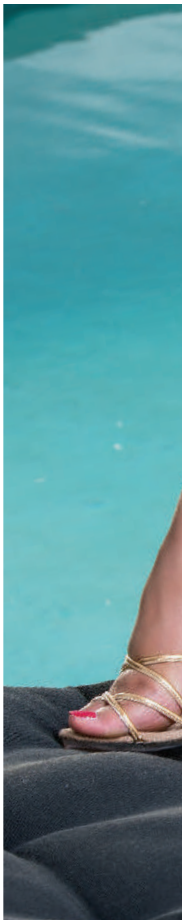
(continued on page 110)

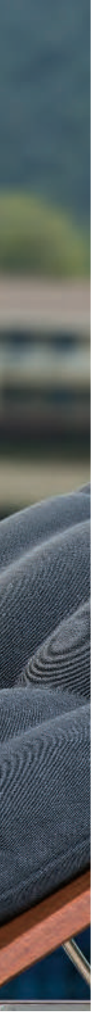
> “I AM MY OWN BOSS AND NOT JUST WHEN I SHOOT SCENES, BUT HOW I MARKET MYSELF AND MY CAREER. I AM IN CHARGE.”

LONI LEGEND

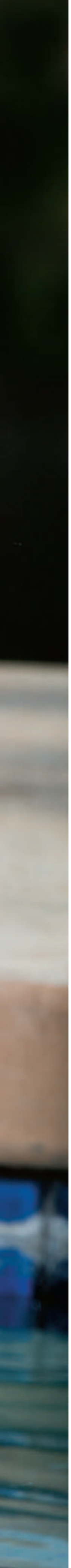
CRIMINALLY CUTE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP





I moved to L.A. to do porn. I love it. So far my favorite things are the people and, of course, the sex. I get to work with gorgeous, sexually talented men and women on any kind of set you can think of. Classrooms, public transportation, mansions, jail cells, kitchens, parks, ice cream parlors—any place you've ever imagined fucking your brains out, I get to do it there, without the worry of getting arrested.”



LONI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Tampa, Florida** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@LoniLegend**

nt Before Loung

The following interview with Kurt Vonnegut took place at the Night Before Lounge, a gentlemen's club in downtown Lincoln, Nebraska, on November 11, 1991. It was Vonnegut's 69th birthday. My brother and I had arranged for the legendary author to speak at the University of Nebraska. Afterward he was to sit with us for an interview. His agent must have assumed that the interview would take place in a quiet restaurant or hotel lobby, which just goes to show that you should never assume.

On the morning of his 69th birthday, Vonnegut boarded a plane in New York City and two hours and 40 minutes later landed at Eppley Airfield in Omaha. He was standing in front of the Midwest Airlines terminal when we pulled up. He wore a beige overcoat with matching cap and had a single piece of luggage slung over his shoulder. No entourage. We shook hands and hopped back in the car. Vonnegut rode shotgun.

Vonnegut's lecture that evening at the Lied Center in Lincoln was entitled "How to Get a Job Like Mine." He stood on the big stage in front of a big chalkboard and drew diagrams and equations and talked about all of the problems facing America. After speaking for over an hour, Vonnegut put down the chalk and proclaimed that nothing would likely ever be done to solve any of these problems. "But try to be saints anyway. What we really need is ordinary people behaving decently in an indecent society," he said.

At the book signing backstage, Vonnegut was courteous and chatted with the first several people in line. I leaned over and informed him that our interview was going to take place at a gentlemen's club called Night Before Lounge. The conversations with the remaining fans in line became noticeably more succinct.

On our way out I glanced at the hors d'oeuvres table and noticed that the invited guests had devoured the fruit and vegetable platters but had barely made a dent in the cookie tray. I grabbed a handful of cookies, stuffed a few in my coat pocket and several more into my briefcase. I had paid $196 for the backstage catering.

The proprietors of Night Before Lounge knew we were coming. I specifically requested a table in the back corner. We ordered drinks, and I discreetly pulled a cookie from my pocket and thoroughly studied it to make sure there wasn't any pocket lint or rubber bands attached. After the drinks arrived, I handed the cookie to Vonnegut underneath the table. You weren't allowed to bring food into the establishment, and I told him to make sure no one was looking before he took a bite.

Nobody at the lounge recognized Vonnegut, with the exception of a local clothing designer who had attended the lecture. She respectfully approached the table and asked for an autograph on a cocktail napkin.

I glanced at Vonnegut and couldn't help noticing that a light layer of cookie crumbs was accumulating on the front of his sweater. He had his legs crossed and was leaning back ever so slightly so that each bite's crumbs fell directly onto his belly. I didn't know how to inform Mr. Vonnegut, who *The New York Times* once labeled "fit company for his idol, Mark Twain" that he was making a real mess. So I didn't.

I clicked on the tape recorder. During the course of the evening Vonnegut ordered three scotch and waters and ate two cookies. "I gotta tell you, this is the best time I've ever had on one of these speaking engagements," Vonnegut said later in the evening as the Scorpions' "Rock You Like a Hurricane" played in the background. "Usually it's a university that sponsors my visit, and afterward I am forced to attend these dreadful receptions where everybody is scared to talk to me or they have nothing to say and I usually end up standing in a corner, drinking fruit punch." >>

e
EXOTIC DANCERS Night Before Lounge

NIGHT BEFORE LOUNGE IS LOCATED IN DOWNTOWN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, AT 1035 M STREET. LAP DANCES ARE $20.

PHOTO BY NIAMH MURPHY

KURT VONNEGUT VISITS A STRIP CLUB

INTERVIEW BY KEVIN P. SIMONSON

HUSTLER: Is this your first interview in a topless club?
KURT VONNEGUT: Yes, I would think so. But I like the atmosphere here.

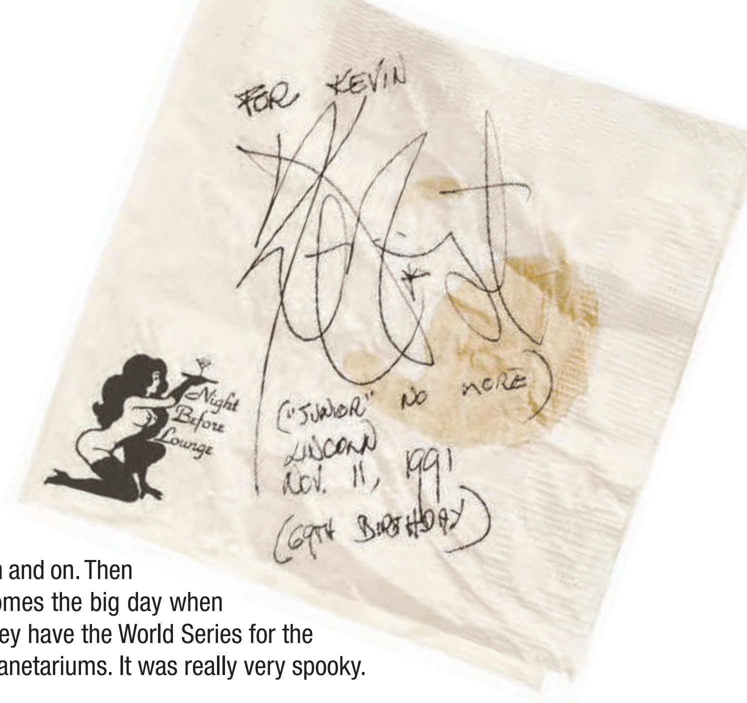
What's the last piece you had rejected?
New York magazine asked a whole bunch of us, on the big anniversary of the Statue of Liberty, to write essays. They didn't like mine because it was about people true to my ancestry who got here long before there was a Statue of Liberty, and they didn't want to hear about that.

Do you feel less of an urgency to write now than you did back in the early days?
Well, I felt an urgency because there were things I wanted to say, and they were right on the surface, and I got most of them out of the way. I had to write *Slaughterhouse-Five* because I had been there. The strange thing is that Dresden was a city of three quarters of a million people, a big city, a cultured city with an opera house and a great intellectual history and all that. And the most famous of the fire bombing by far is an American private. I was the only person—and I could scarcely speak German—who bothered to notice it.

What does your writing routine consist of?
It's been my discovery that people who are real intelligent, real sharp in terms of who they are, write or create for four hours a day. It apparently got so that was long enough for anybody to be real sharp. But the intelligence drops off after four hours. Most people have to have jobs in addition to being writers. Some guys will write from midnight till four in the morning. But your body catches on and realizes that this is when we're going to be real sharp. I will do it from seven o'clock in the morning till about 11 or something like that. Then after that I can answer letters or whatever. One thing young people can do to test themselves is get a book of crossword puzzles, you know, one where you have a compendium of crossword puzzles, maybe a hundred in there, and work them through the day, and they should be able to see their intelligence and sharpness drop off after about four hours.

What are you working on now?
My energy level doesn't seem to be petering out as far as creating stories goes. I think part of it is that I started out with the frame of mind of a hack, and then I also came up through newspapering a little bit, and that's the sort of thing you can keep up indefinitely. You know, you write something, it's printed, and the hell with it. Then you take someone like Hemingway, who for the last ten years of his life he didn't write anything. He probably was carrying a real burden in that whatever he wrote, it was terribly important…it had to be. I'll keep it up till I get Alzheimer's or something. I wouldn't know what else to do.

I'm working on a movie right now with Steven Wright. Someone thought the two of us ought to get together, and he came out and stayed with me for about three days. He's a spook and I guess I am too. We were just sort of feeling things out…and I just happened to mention that I thought *My Life as a Dog* was the greatest movie I had ever seen, and that just won him over; he thought so too. Steven's already gotten an Academy Award for a short film. On the David Letterman show they had some time to kill after he'd done his bit. And it wasn't very good, really, what he'd done. But then he started talking about planetariums. He owns a planetarium up in Vermont, and he was saying every planetarium has its own softball team, and this went on and on. Then comes the big day when they have the World Series for the planetariums. It was really very spooky.



Weren't you invited to appear on *Letterman*?
Yeah, I've been asked. But I don't do well on TV.

Do you even watch television?
Oh, sure, but it's just one great big bowl of oatmeal. It's all the same as far as the viewer is concerned.

What are you reading now?
I don't read near as much as I used to. It's not like medicine or physics, where you have to keep up with your profession or drop out, because we don't make much use of each other…so I'm liable to read about anything. The book I have with me now is a translation of a biography by a Frenchman of Louis-Ferdinand Céline. He's a writer I've been very interested in, and I wrote the preface to several of his American paperbacks. This guy really interests me, and I've caught a lot of hell for it because he was a world-class writer and at the same time really cracked, fascist, anti-Semite and so forth. But God, he was a swell writer. He's the only half-decent writer to come out of the fascist experience in Europe. I don't think anybody else was any good.

Charles Bukowski also expressed admiration for Céline.
[Norman] Mailer has said the same and Ralph Ellison too. I mean, I don't want to admire any Nazi, but this was off to one side really. He was cracked in this way. He really had it in for the Jews, for one reason or another. And in the midst of this wonderfully sane and funny and interesting stuff, he would blow this anti-Semitic riff.

Didn't you study Nietzsche?
Yes…there's a wonderful quotation from Nietzsche which I came across just about five years ago I guess: "Only a person of deep faith can afford the luxury of skepticism." Isn't that swell? Because all these other people are scared to death. That's why they send money to Jimmy Swaggart and all that. They're petrified. They can't believe in anything. They are utterly rudderless.

What attracted you to Nietzsche?
Just random reading and pulling the book off the shelf. I started reading him when I was about 35. He didn't have anything to do with the shape of my career because I was already fully established.

What did you read as a child?
I was absolutely nuts about everything I could get my hands on. Some kids are like that and continue to be like that; others just like television. I just read and read and read everything because I was in a house full of books and my parents were cultivated people. We had a full set of George Bernard Shaw. I probably read all of that—the plays are very readable—by the time I was 15. We had the collected plays of Aristophanes, and I read those. You know, I was a kid—I'd read anything: a complete set of Robert Louis Stevenson. I think Sherlock Holmes is one of the greatest inventions of all times! What I would most like to have written now is *Cheers*. I've said that before. I'd rather have written *Cheers* than anything I have written! They got wind of my admiration for them, and I got a very nice letter from them that I could be on the show anytime I want. Sit at the bar or do whatever I want. About the best story ever written—and I love stories when they really work—is *Treasure Island*. And I wish to hell I'd written that. I love the part where they are putting out to sea and young Hawkins says to John Silver, who recruited the whole crew for this ship: "Tell me, Mr. Silver, have you ever seen a real pirate?" [*Laughs.*] The whole fucking crew is pirates!

Did you let your kids read whatever they wanted?
Yeah, and I don't think any harm has come to them. I was teaching at Iowa City, and my daughter Edith came out to go to U High...University High School. All the professors sent their kids there. At the time I was a witness at a porn trial in Council Bluffs. I was a testifying witness about the literary aspects. Anybody could ask me questions. I had all the porn that had been called into question. Japanese pornography, some of it's very old, just ancient. I came home one day, and Edie was there, 14 years old, with a bunch of her schoolmates, with all this porn laid out. I didn't know where the hell I had put it, but they found it. They were laughing like hell, just giggling, but I don't think any harm was done.

What is your definition of pornography?
I don't have one. I don't want to give the government a handle on freedom of speech anyway. I have also written *amicus curiae* briefs about HUSTLER and *Screw*. These people should not be prosecuted, but at the same time I think these people put the First Amendment in terrible danger, and I think that they are the scum of the earth. Larry Flynt and all of them. You musn't publish shit. If somebody hadn't already shot Larry Flynt, I think I'd pay somebody to do it. He inflames nice family people who might decide that freedom of speech isn't worth it.

Play critic and grade some of your books, starting with *Galápagos*.
That's an A+, I think, because it's gotten a very good response from the scientific community and it caused no comment elsewhere. It was just reviewed as a novel and not a novel of ideas. I ran into Stephen Jay Gould, the great theorist on Darwinism, now at Harvard, and he said it was a good job, and he used it in a course of his, which is great! Three months ago I received the only international literary prize that anybody in Italy gives, which is the Premio Mondello, and I got it for *Galápagos*. *Galápagos* was simply reviewed as a novel, you know…I think it was a whizbang of a scientific essay on the chanciness of evolution.

What about *Bluebeard*?
It was another good one. I'm an easy grader. I'd give it an A.

***Hocus Pocus*.**
B. It was really an ax-grinding book, and that's always bad.

If you had to ban one of your books from the public libraries, which would you choose?
The dirtiest book, which would be *Breakfast of Champions*, where it gives the penis sizes and all that.

What's your favorite breakfast cereal?
I'm really into Corn Flakes. You know how you impulse-buy something? Corn Flakes are really great!

What about Count Chocula?
[*Frowns and shakes his head.*]

Have you ever tried it? It's chocolate-flavored.
I don't believe so.

Are you recognized when walking around New York?
There's the saying that goes, "A celebrity is a person who is well known for his well-knownness." And that's essentially what I am. Literature hasn't been that important in the history of this country. It's like lacrosse. I'm recognized perhaps as much as somebody in the Lacrosse Hall of Fame. Only one American in 20 buys a book or takes one out of the library in the course of a year.

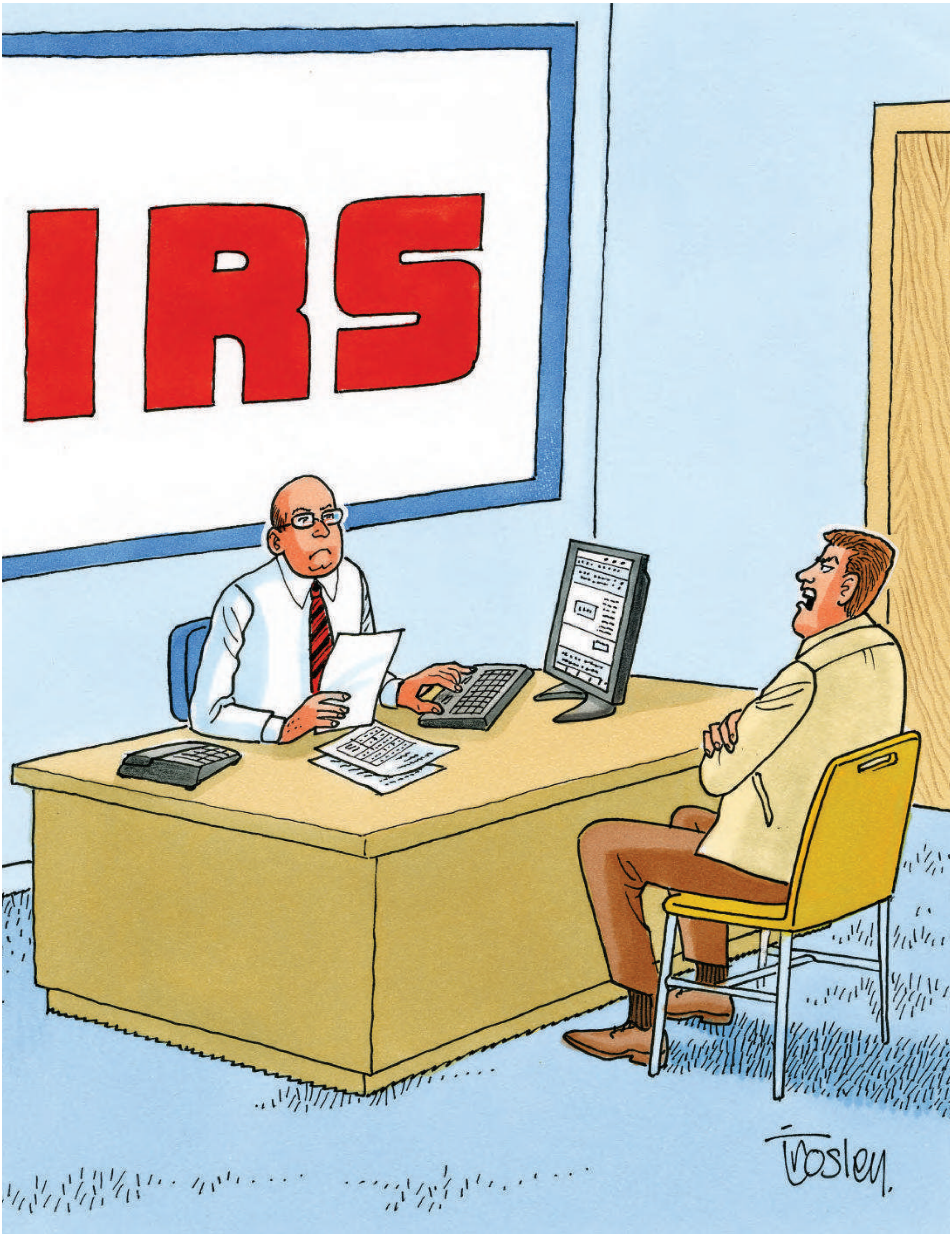
I get treated well…yeah, I'm influential—007, James Bond, is licensed by the Queen to kill people if he has to, and you know what? I have a license in this country to say any goddamn thing I want. [*Another round of drinks arrives.*]

Are you a good dancer?
Well, it depends who with. A lot depends on the woman. I've always been able to dance well with my wives. I've had two of them so far, and we'd work it out so we were really pretty good. But then at a party where you have to do a duty dance with the hostess, it's like docking somebody else's boat.

What are your musical tastes?
We'll start from the back and work forward. I hate rap. The Beatles have made a substantial contribution. Bob Dylan, however, is the worst poet alive. He can maybe get one good line in a song, and the rest is just gibberish.

How do I know that you are really Kurt Vonnegut?
The mustache.

Author's Note: The late novelist and American icon Jim Harrison also confessed his admiration for Night Before Lounge in his book Off to the Side: A Memoir*. In the chapter titled "Stripping," Harrison fondly reminisced, "At my favorite strip club in America, the Night Before in Lincoln, Nebraska…. I was saved by an electric moment. The Night Before allows you to hoist yourself over the stage rail and proffer a bill, a five or ten, in your teeth while flat on your back, and the stripper plucks the bill away by clenching her buttocks. According to Kinsey, this is a view savored by many of our male citizens."*



"You want *more* money?! What the fuck did you do with all the damn money I gave you last year?"

CHERRY MORGAN

SAY PLEASE

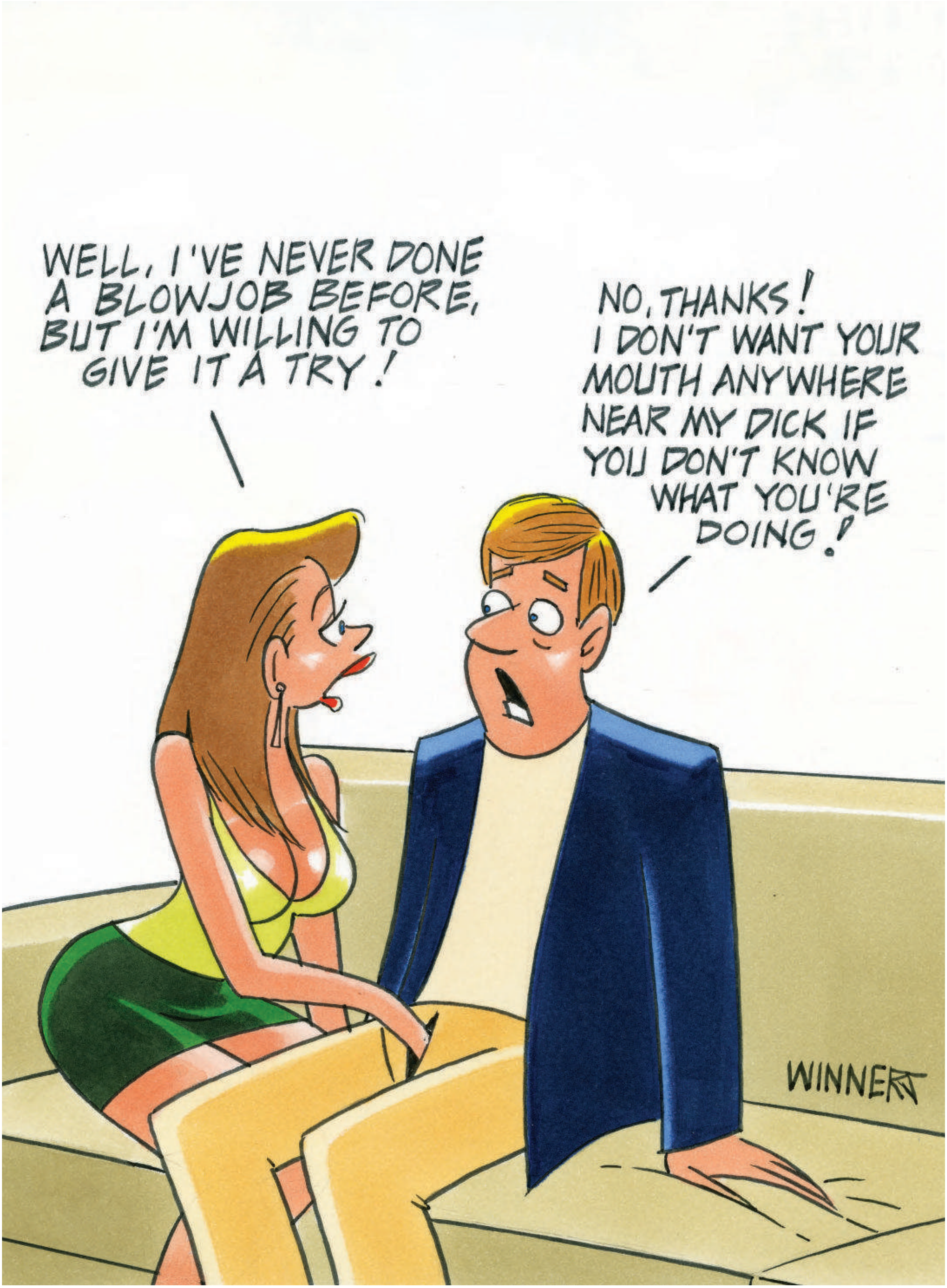
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

only skin deep

Big balls are a turn-on for me. I love the power I have when I'm holding them. And if guys ask me to bust their balls, I'm always happy to do it. I'll tie them off really tight, punching, kicking, squeezing hard. It's fun, and if they want it, I figure they deserve it.

"I'm not hard to get. Last year a Sigma Chi frat boy tweeted me an invitation to be his date for a Parents Weekend formal. I said yes. We had a blast, and I made sure it was a night he'd never forget. *Expecting* sex from me is a no-go. I'll straight out own your ass and be the biggest bitch you've ever met! If you want something from me, just ask. Nicely."

is only skin deep


WELL, I'VE NEVER DONE A BLOWJOB BEFORE, BUT I'M WILLING TO GIVE IT A TRY!
NO, THANKS! I DON'T WANT YOUR MOUTH ANYWHERE NEAR MY DICK IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
WINNERT

JESSA RHODES & VANESSA VERACRUZ

GIRLS NIGHT IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SIR RON

I don't like oral from guys, but I *love* it from girls. There's something super-hot about looking down and seeing a beautiful woman between your thighs.

"There's no need to feel ashamed about what gets you off. Sex is animalistic and a part of everyday life. Divulge your fantasies to your partner. He or she just might surprise you." —**Jessa**

I went through a swinger phase when I was younger, so I've always enjoyed it when people watch me fuck. And I'm a sucker for foreplay—a heavy kisser and grinder. Tease me for 15 to 20 minutes, and it's a guaranteed hard orgasm. My favorite position has to be missionary. I like the intimacy of a lover looking directly at me during sex. ” **—Vanessa**

Come closer!
xoxo,
Jessa &
Vanessa

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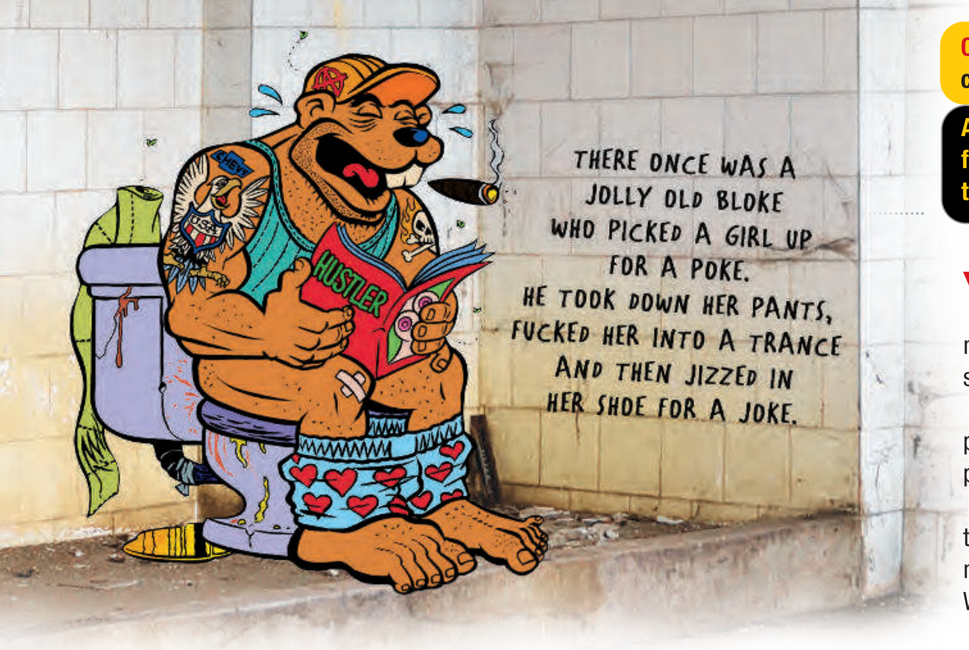
VANESSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Fernando, California**
AGE: **28** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **32D-24-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER: **@MsVeracruzXXX**

JESSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Portland, Oregon**
AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **32D-25-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@MissJessaRhodes**


THERE ONCE WAS A
JOLLY OLD BLOKE
WHO PICKED A GIRL UP
FOR A POKE.
HE TOOK DOWN HER PANTS,
FUCKED HER INTO A TRANCE
AND THEN JIZZED IN
HER SHOE FOR A JOKE.
HUSTLER

Question: What do you get when you cross a dog with a cat?

Answer: An animal that humps your leg for a few minutes and then ignores you the rest of the day.

Young Agnes was put on testosterone pills to cure a mild hormone imbalance. Two weeks later she returned to the doctor for a checkup.

"I'm a bit concerned," Agnes told the physician. "Since you've put me on these pills, I've noticed some extra hair growth."

"Well, that's to be expected," smiled the doctor reassuringly. "It's a perfectly normal response and nothing to worry about. Where have you noticed this hair?"

"On my balls."

Question: What do men have in common with linoleum tiles?

Answer: Lay them properly and you can walk all over them forever.

A woman wrote to her local newspaper seeking marital advice: "My husband is a born liar and philanderer. He has cheated on me from the start, and when I confront him, he just denies everything. The humiliation is unbearable because everyone knows he steps out on me. Also, after losing his job, he hasn't bothered looking for a new one. All he does is stuff his face full of food, smoke cigars and shoot the bull with his buddies. Meanwhile, I'm working hard to pay the bills. Now that our daughter is married, he doesn't pretend to want to spend time with me and even hints that I may be a lesbian. What should I do?" Signed, "Clueless and Frustrated in New York."

The columnist replied, "Dear Clueless: Grow a pair and dump him. Good grief, woman. You were a New York senator, served as Secretary of State, and you're running for President of the United States. Act like it."

Question: Why did God create man before he created woman?

Answer: He didn't want advice.

A boy reached the age where he was growing curious about the birds and the bees, so when he and his father encountered two dogs humping in the park, his dad explained that the mutts were making puppies.

One week later, in the middle of the night, the boy was having nightmares, ran into his parents' bedroom and caught them in the middle of fucking. "Daddy, what are you doing to Mommy?" he asked.

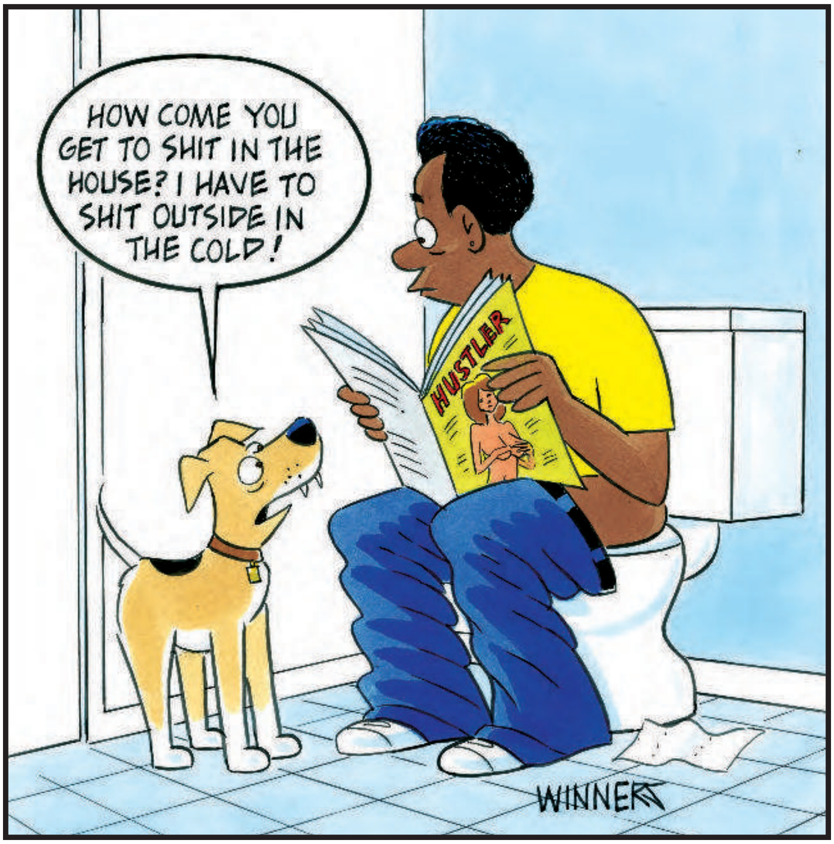
His embarrassed father replied, "We're making you a baby brother."

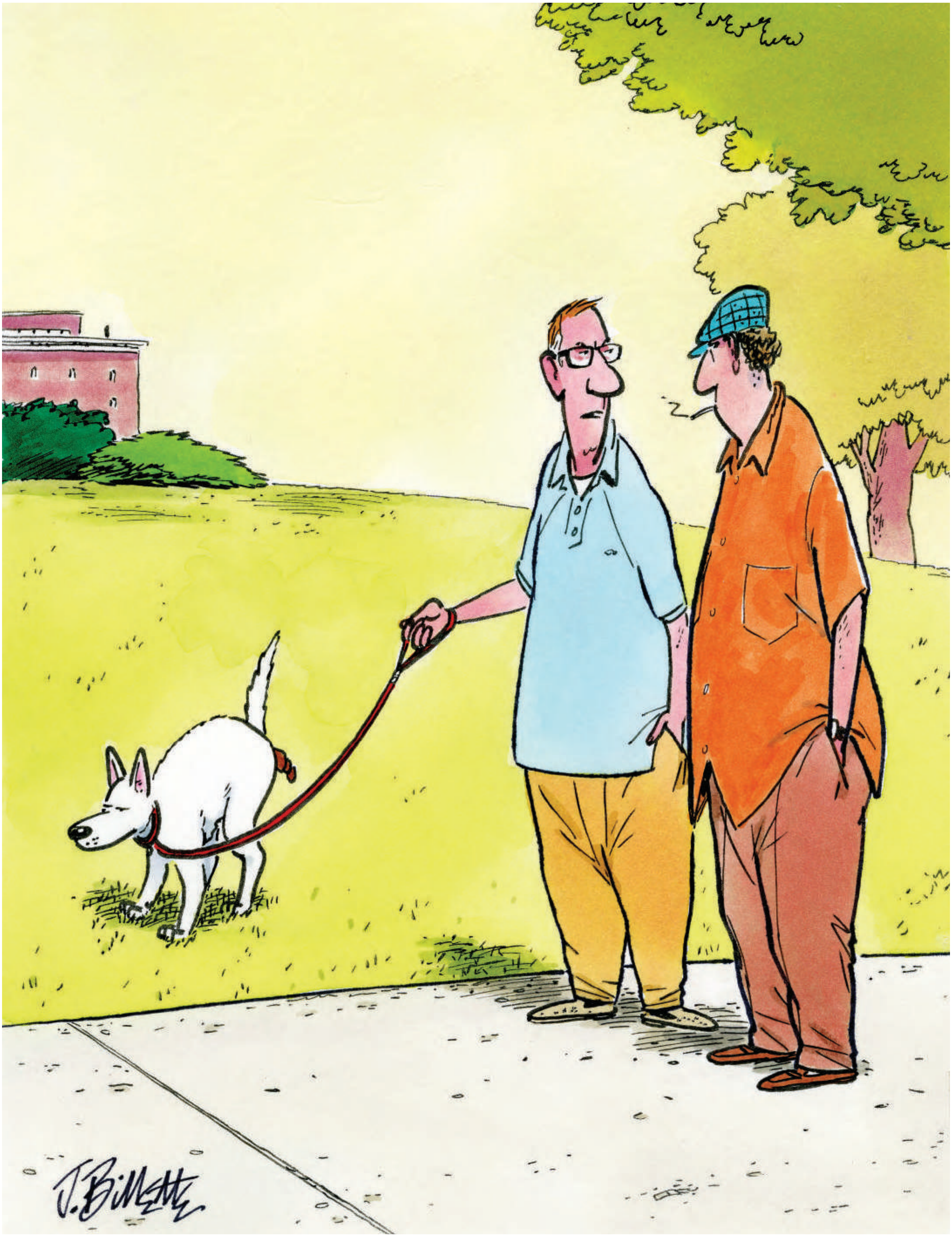
"Roll her over, Dad," exclaimed the excited boy. "I'd rather have puppies!"

After a bitter argument, a couple drove several miles in silence, neither one of them wanting to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard full of mules, pigs and goats, the husband asked, "Relatives of yours?"

"Yes," the wife replied. "In-laws."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!


HOW COME YOU GET TO SHIT IN THE HOUSE? I HAVE TO SHIT OUTSIDE IN THE COLD!
HUSTLER
WINNER



“If we humans are the highest species, then how come dogs can pinch off a perfect turd and never have to wipe?”

HUSTLER

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LIVE GIRLS!
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FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT
ON THE BEST
ONLINE CHAT

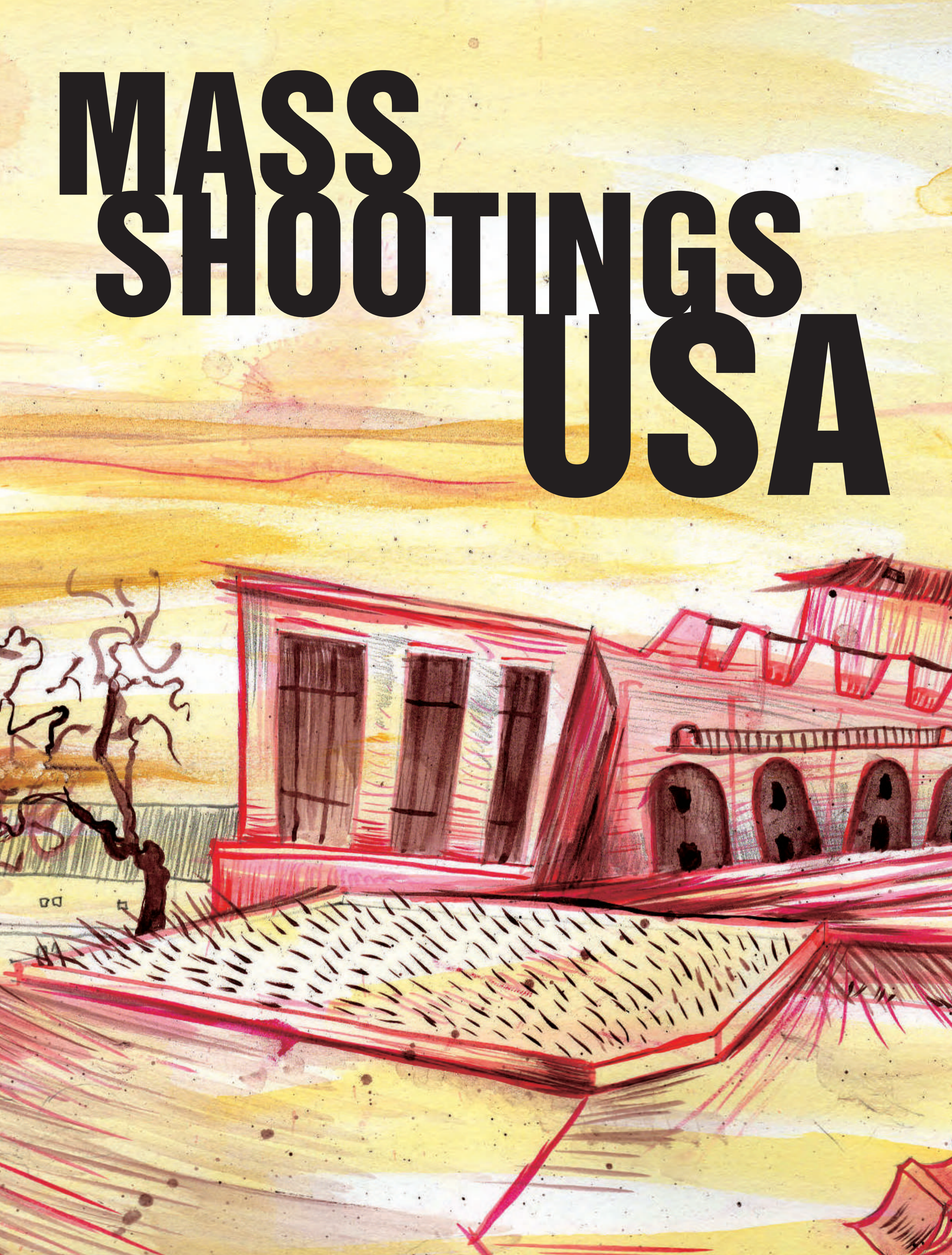
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!

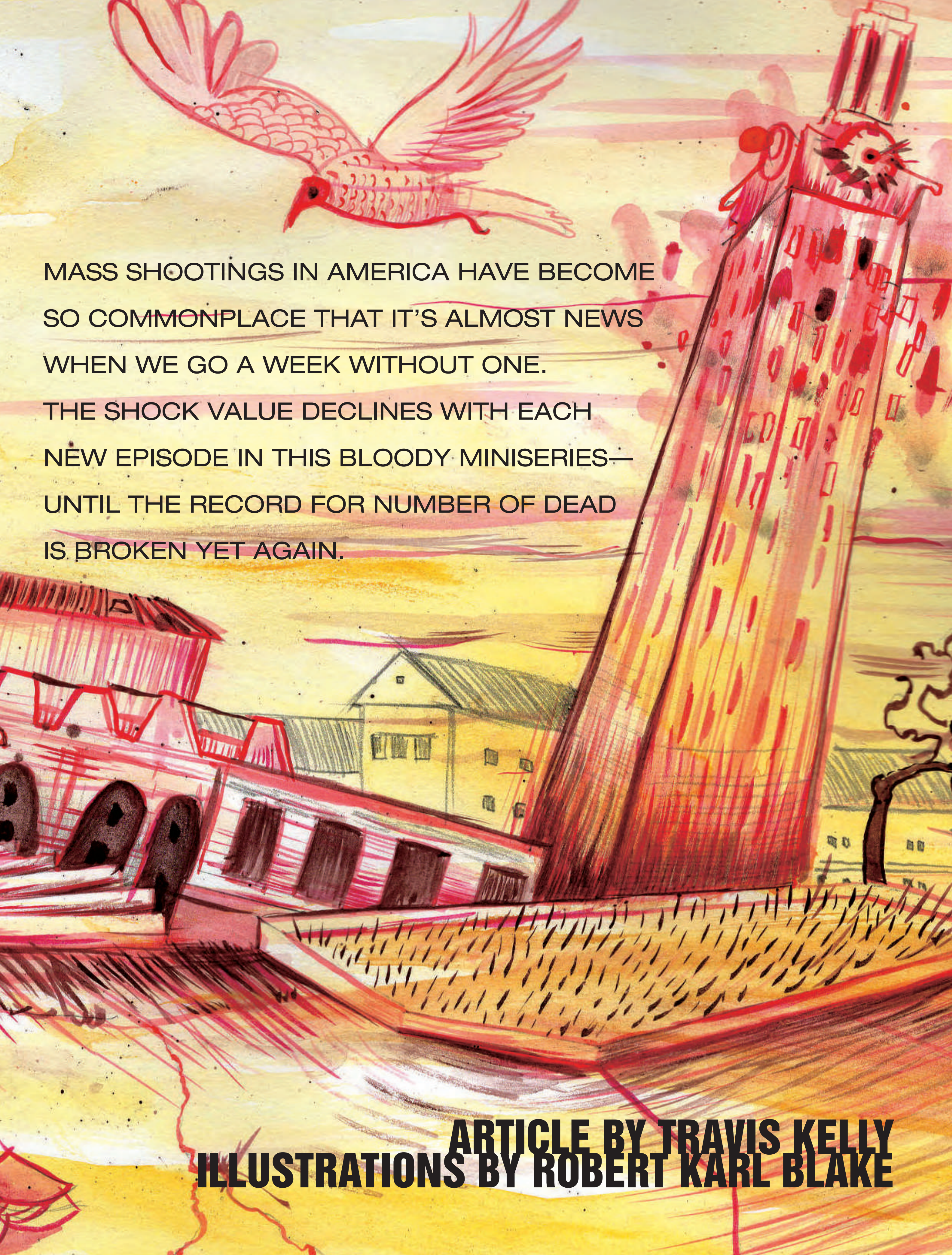
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
ENTER

MASS SHOOTINGS USA





MASS SHOOTINGS IN AMERICA HAVE BECOME SO COMMONPLACE THAT IT'S ALMOST NEWS WHEN WE GO A WEEK WITHOUT ONE. THE SHOCK VALUE DECLINES WITH EACH NEW EPISODE IN THIS BLOODY MINISERIES—UNTIL THE RECORD FOR NUMBER OF DEAD IS BROKEN YET AGAIN.

ARTICLE BY TRAVIS KELLY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT KARL BLAKE

In 2012 the shootings at Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown, Connecticut (27 killed), and a movie theater in Aurora, Colorado (12 killed, 50 wounded), set the pace for a grisly trend. A year later a former Navy enlisted man, Aaron Alexis, shot down 12 in the Washington Navy Yard. In 2014 a gunman at Fort Hood, Texas, tallied three dead and 16 wounded; and 22-year-old Elliot Rodger slaughtered six and injured 13 in Isla Vista, California. 2015 saw teenage racist Dylan Roof killing nine at a black church in Charleston; Christopher Harper-Mercer, a white supremacist with mental health issues and an arsenal of 14 guns, also massacred nine at a college in Roseburg, Oregon; in Colorado Springs, a gunman murdered three at a Planned Parenthood clinic; Mohammad Abdulazeez killed four and injured three at military bases in Chattanooga, Tennessee; and the list goes on and on and on. According to the database Mass Shooting Tracker, there were 67 mass shootings in 2015, one every five and a half days.

The record for most deaths was broken in June 2016, when Omar Mateen shot up a gay nightclub in Orlando, executing 49 and wounding 53 before being killed by a SWAT team. The horrendous event brought many of the changes and conflicts roiling America to a volcanic focus: radical Islam and terrorism, FBI counterterrorism strategies, gun control, persistent racism, openly gay sexuality and our bloody military stalemate in the Middle East.

Mateen's father alleges that Omar once witnessed two men kissing in public, was infuriated, and this may have set him off. But three acquaintances of Mateen's have related that he was a regular at the Pulse nightclub, communicated with men on a gay app and had affairs with them. Certainly Mateen was a conflicted man: on his second marriage, with a three-year-old son, having gay affairs, yet flirting with radical, homophobic Islam—a dangerous psychological cocktail. He had been investigated twice by the FBI for possible ties to terrorists, including Moner Mohammad Abu-Salha, an American citizen who became a suicide bomber for al-Qaeda in Syria. On his Facebook page, Abu-Salha had posted a video of an imam calling for the death of all homosexuals.

The FBI now professes to be skeptical of reports that Mateen was bisexual—despite considerable evidence—focusing instead on his phone calls and posts during the siege. "You kill innocent women and children by doing us airstrikes," he wrote in one Facebook post. "Now taste the Islamic state vengeance." He also told a 911 operator and hostage survivors in the bathroom that he wanted "America to stop bombing Afghanistan."

Mateen seems to have internalized the "clash of civilizations"—conservative, theological Islam versus the increasingly progressive West—and finally resolved the identity crisis by becoming a suicidal killer, à la ISIS. Although the irrational rampage was driven by his psychological conflicts, his professed motive was not wholly irrational: American invasions and drone strikes have killed a sickening number of innocent Muslims in the past 15 years; estimates range from one to two million, many of them innocent "collateral damage." Syed Farook and Tashfeen Malik, the San Bernardino couple who killed 14 and wounded 22, were also self-radicalized Muslims, with no direct ties to ISIS or terrorist organizations. They, along with Mateen and Mohammad Abdulazeez, took ostensible revenge for the slaughter of their ethnic and religious kin in reprisal terrorist attacks. The routine violence we commit overseas is blowing back on the home front—live by the sword; die by the sword. But politically motivated terror is not the whole picture.

The FBI defines "mass killings" as rampages where three or more people are killed, but these victims actually account for a small percentage of homicides in the U.S., about 1%. In 2014 the FBI broadened the focus to "active shooter" situations, defined as a perp *trying* to kill multiple victims in a public place, excluding gang- or drug-related violence, and found a rising pattern: Between the years 2000 to 2013, there were 160 such acts, with an average of 6.4 per year in the first seven years, but a greater average of 16.4 in the final seven years.

A STUDY OF MASS SHOOTINGS BETWEEN 2006 AND 2013 SHOWED THAT NEARLY ONE-THIRD OF VICTIMS WERE UNDER THE AGE OF 18, WITH AN AVERAGE AGE OF EIGHT.

The current epidemic is definitely abnormal and something of a paradox, because homicide rates and gun violence in general have *declined* steadily since the 1990s. And mass shootings do not correlate with the homicide rate in any country, according to a study by Adam Lankford, a noted criminal justice professor at the University of Alabama.

In another distinction from the general homicide rate, women and children are disproportionate victims in mass shooting incidents. Between 2008 and 2012, women accounted for fully half of mass shooting victims, but only 15% of total homicide fatalities. Additionally, a study of the years 2006 to 2013 showed that nearly one-third of victims were under the age of 18, with an average age of eight. These stats reflect that the majority of mass killings are relational: family, kin, coworkers or co-students. About one quarter are caused by the breakup of a sexual relationship. Other triggers, like financial stress or the loss of a job, are notorious for spurring despairing men to murder their whole families. Men comprise 94% of mass shooters. About 42% of the victims are strangers. In many cases—Dylan Roof, Christopher Harper-Mercer—racial hatred is the primary impetus.

So the mass killing rampage is a phenomenon independent of other crime trends. And it seems to be a peculiarly *modern* phenomenon. In the first seven decades of the 20th century, mass shootings were relatively rare in America, averaging about four per decade. During the 1900s there were zero mass shootings. Throughout the "Happy Days" of 1950s, there was only one. And then the deluge.

There are common threads in most of the recent killers: repeated academic, social, employment or romantic failures, crippled self-esteem and hopelessness, all leading to suicidal thoughts. Suicides account for over half of gun-related deaths in the United States. But what drives a small percentage of the suicidally inclined to take others down with them, even total strangers—to indulge in homicidal rage before ending their own lives, either by their own hand or "suicide by cop"?

Typically such shooting sprees are not sudden, impulsive acts of uncontrollable passion, but the result of a long period of rumination, deliberation and planning. Charles Whitman, who pioneered the modern epidemic in 1966, had fantasized for months about sniping from the University of Texas tower and planned the assault almost like a commando mission. Months beforehand Whitman had confessed to a university psychiatrist that he had persistent thoughts about doing exactly what he did, and in parting letters wrote, "I don't really understand myself these days. I am supposed to be an average reasonable and intelligent young man. However, lately (I can't recall when it started) I have been a victim of many unusual and irrational thoughts. These thoughts constantly recur, and it requires a tremendous mental effort to concentrate on useful and progressive tasks."

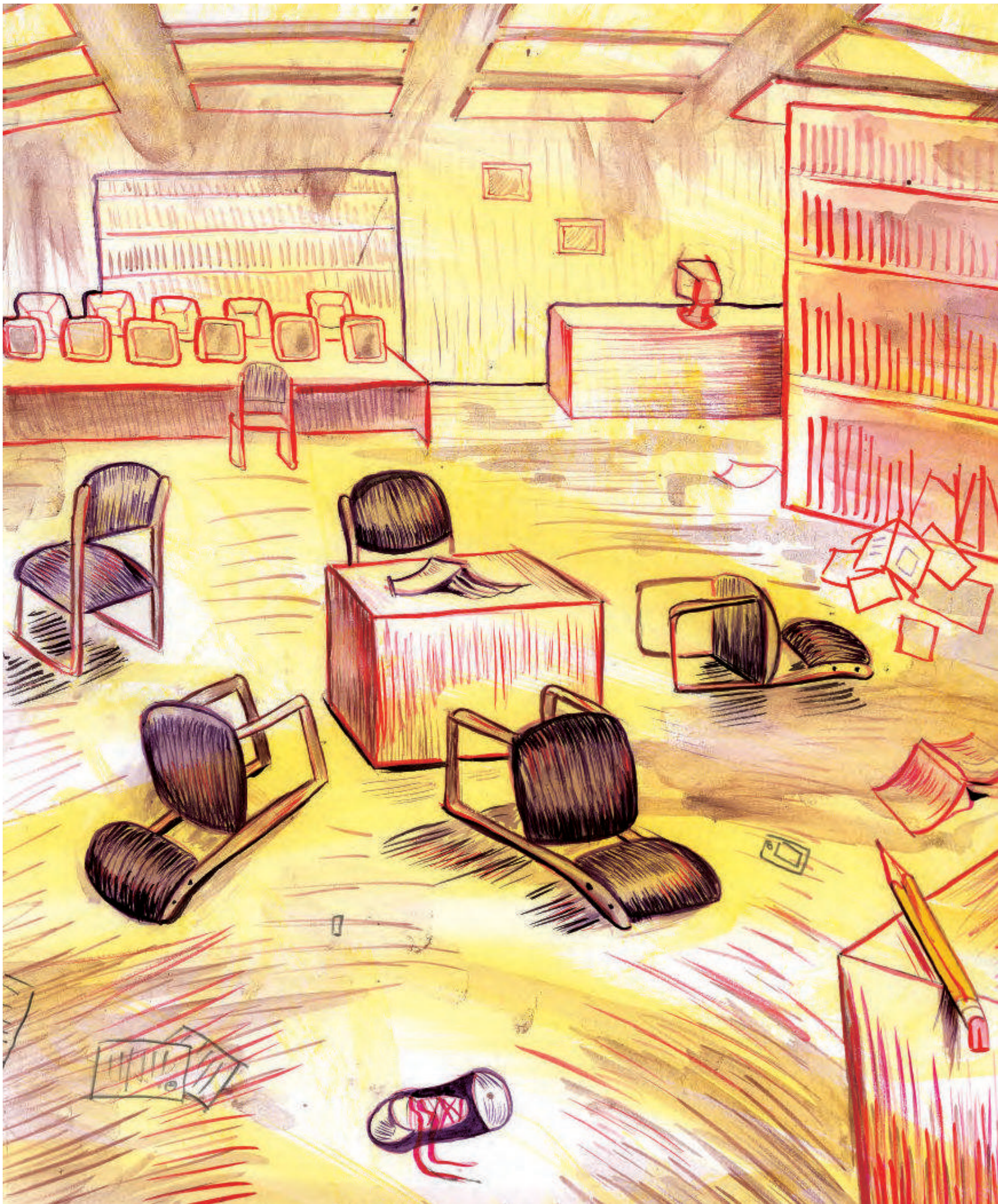
Hours before climbing the UT tower, Whitman stabbed his mother and wife to death. About the decision to kill his "dearly loved" wife, he wrote, "I cannot rationaly [sic] pinpoint any specific reason for doing this…. At this time, though, the prominent reason in my mind is that I truly do not consider this world worth living in, and am prepared to die, and I do not want to leave her to suffer alone in it."

Whitman also requested an autopsy to determine if there was something physically wrong with him. His intuition was correct: The pathologist discovered a glioblastoma tumor in the thalamus region of his brain, compressing the amygdala, but concluded that it "could not have had any influence on his psychic behavior."

Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, the Columbine High School killers, also fantasized and planned their massacre in journals for nearly a year. Farook and Malik, the San Bernardino shooters, had plotted their attack for at least that long. Elliot Rodger, who shot six and wounded 13 in Isla Vista, California, had stockpiled an arsenal for more than a year.

A half hour before launching their attack, Klebold and Harris made a farewell video apologizing to their parents, Klebold proclaiming, "Just know I'm going to a better place. I didn't like life too much and I know I'll be happy wherever the fuck I go." As with Whitman's farewell letters, there is no real explanation for the murderous path chosen, just the expression of a vague disenchantment with life and the determination to end it.

Seung-Hui Cho, perpetrator of the Virginia Tech massacre in 2007, recorded several videos before his record-setting mayhem (32 killed, 17 wounded). In one he says, "You have vandalized my heart, raped my soul and torched my conscience. You thought it was one pathetic boy's life you were extinguishing…. You forced me into a corner and gave me only one option. The decision was yours. Now you have blood on your hands that will never wash off." >>



Misanthropy is the key sentiment here: a hatred of self projected onto humanity as a whole, with a seething sense of injustice. *If I must die prematurely and unfairly, so should others.* Humans are not solitary but social creatures, and often society at large is scapegoated by those mired in isolation and humiliation; the whole society that has abetted one's suffering is somehow to blame and thus deserving of vengeance. For the Orlando Pulse and San Bernardino killers, martyrdom for Islam may have served as rationalization for disappointing lives in America. Mateen's ambition to become a police officer had been repeatedly thwarted.

Dr. Michael Welner, a forensic psychiatrist and criminal investigation consultant, states, "Homicidal fantasies develop in parallel to hopelessness and paranoia. A person who respects destructiveness, values it and even identifies with it may interlink those fantasies with the advancement of his own nihilism and resentment of his surroundings.... In tamer forms, it is a quietly resentful cynicism. Some such people, however, may be impressed with the power of destructiveness, with the potency it represents to them."

Schools can be particularly stressful environments: High schools have snobbish cliques and rivalries; colleges are often an alienating competition with total strangers. It may take a village to both raise a child and nurture a healthy adult, but for many Americans today the village is virtual only. We are still a restless, mobile people, transplanting ourselves frequently, away from family and support networks, but with our ever-present mobile phones as a surrogate, constantly and instantaneously wired to flood our minds with the latest sensational news tragedy.

Welner also ascribes "transcendent media coverage" as a factor in many mass killings. The inevitable saturation news cycle guarantees a posthumous outlet for the suicidal killer's grievances and grants a notorious form of immortality. Lonely suicides are as common and easily ignored as dog-bites-man stories, but a murder toll means international headlines. With their propane bombs that failed to detonate, Klebold and Harris had expressed hope of exceeding the death toll of the Oklahoma City bombing. Virginia Tech killer Seung-Hui Cho paid them tribute in one of his videos—"martyrs like Eric and Dylan"—and had written in a school assignment that he wanted to "repeat Columbine."

With only five percent of the world's population, America accounts for 31% of the world's mass shootings. The 2015 study by Adam Lankford, cited earlier in this article, identifies two main factors: America is number one in the world for private firearms ownership; and we are far more concerned with fame than most other nations. Over half of 18- to-25-year-olds surveyed in 2007 said that fame was a top priority of their peers. Since the mid-1970s, pop music lyrics, TV shows and the covers of *People* magazine have all increasingly portrayed—and inadvertently glorified—"bad boy" and criminal behavior. "There is a 'fame at any cost' mentality," noted Lankford.

Charles Whitman's portable radio blared on the tower parapet for the whole two and a half hours of his assault; a good Marine, he may have wanted to be alerted to any tactical moves by the police, but he probably also relished the instant infamy of live coverage. Today he would be armed with a GoPro camera and a wireless laptop.

The Left blames guns, and the Right blames the media for our excessive gun violence, but it is not a simple, partisan issue—to an extent, both are to blame. The rate of mass shootings does not correlate with the general homicide rate, but it does correlate with private gun ownership rates worldwide. Easier access to guns equals more mass shootings in any country. But studies also show that mass shootings tend to occur in clusters over the timeline and over widely spaced locales, indicating a copycat motive that could only be driven by mass media coverage.

LONELY SUICIDES ARE AS COMMON AND EASILY IGNORED AS DOG-BITES-MAN STORIES, BUT A MURDER TOLL MEANS INTERNATIONAL HEADLINES.

For the many mentally disturbed youth and adults in our nation, more attention is needed, but for those who want to go out with a bang, less attention is suggested. Focus on the victims, not the perp, some critics advise. But it's doubtful that any amount of academic research will ever trump journalism's oldest rule: If it bleeds, it leads.

There is a third factor: Between 2004 and 2012, the FDA's MedWatch system tallied 14,773 reports of psychiatric drugs causing violent side effects, and at least 35 mass shootings have been committed by persons taking or withdrawing from these drugs (in many cases, toxicology reports have been classified by the investigators). Charles Whitman was on Dexedrine, Dexamyl and a cocktail of other legally prescribed drugs. Eric Harris was on the antidepressants Zoloft and Luvox. Charleston church shooter Dylan Roof was on the narcotic Suboxone. Kip Kinkel, who shot his parents and 27 students at an Oregon high school, was on Prozac and Ritalin. The mass killers known to have been prescribed Prozac, Paxil and similar drugs are too numerous to list here.

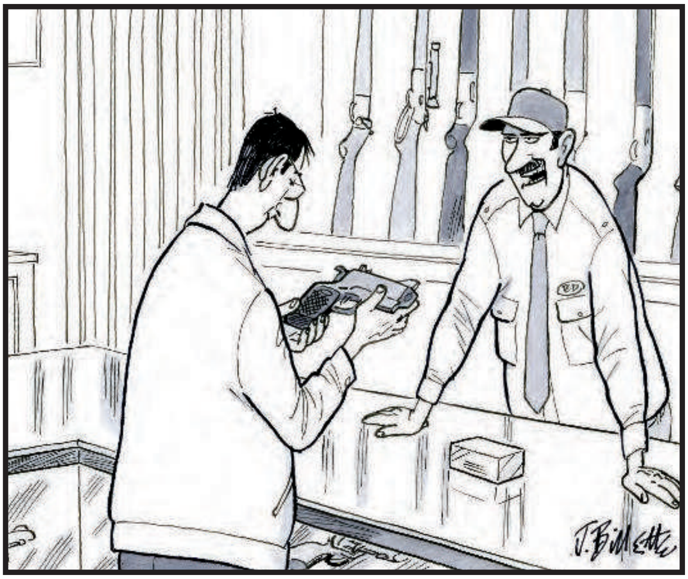
Adverse reactions listed on the FDA-mandated label for Paxil include "mania, insomnia, anxiety, agitation, confusion, amnesia, depression, paranoid reaction, psychosis, hostility, delirium, hallucinations, abnormal thinking, depersonalization and lack of emotion." The perfect cure for a maladjusted adolescent!

This is not Owsley's Orange Sunshine LSD, but a legal drug prescribed to thousands of Americans daily. The pharmaceutical companies claim that such adverse reactions are exhibited in only a small percentage of participants in clinical trials, but multiply that by thousands or millions of doses, and the nation is fertilely seeded for more Whitmans, Klebolds and Chos. Despite the overwhelming incriminating data, the FDA has yet to conduct a comprehensive study on the violent side effects of these drugs. Perhaps the vast lobby loot of the pharmaceutical industry speaks louder than the sobs of the shooting victims' families.

Psychiatrist and author Erich Fromm construed "malicious aggression" as motivated by a desire to leave an indelible mark on the world. American culture is defined by rugged individualism, mobility, material obsession, a chronically leaky safety net and the idolization of celebrity. Saddled with astronomical debt for an advanced education while the nation spends billions sponsoring mass killings by our military abroad, ruled by a corrupt political class that refuses to ameliorate climate change direly threatening their future, and facing bleak opportunities for gainful employment, the millennial generation can only see the American Dream as an increasingly fugitive and fraudulent mirage. This breeds anomie and many troubled, suicidal souls, whom we attempt to medicate with a powerful new cornucopia of psychotropic drugs. They are the "losers" in our grand winner-take-all, one-percenter sweepstakes.

When Merck's, Pfizer's and Eli Lilly's pills fail to cure all the stress, anxiety and insecurity that life in 21st-century America can provoke, some of the desperately lost act on the bleak motivation to depart in infamy rather than eternal obscurity. To go out with a spectacular Fourth of July bang, a grand CNN/ABC/FOX epitaph, star of a new 24/7 news cycle—a raging gesture of defiance against a society that many feel has betrayed them and gone completely off the rails. The victims are simply the "collateral damage" of our gun-crazy, media-crazy, hyperactively insecure culture. For those without a prior felony record to trigger a negative background check, the means to enact that bitter final salute is readily available for a few hundred dollars at the local pawnshop.

This unfathomable mass killing of innocents? It's as American as a wedding party massacred by a CIA drone strike.



"This is our most popular model among husbands who just can't take the ol' lady for one more fucking day!"

GIRL ON GIRL OIL WRESTLING

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MATT ZANE. STARRING: RAVEN ROCKETTE, KATRINA JADE, ANNA MORNA, OLIVIA AUSTIN, NATALIA STARR, NATALIA HEART, DANICA JAMES & CHRISTIE STEVENS.

WWE Raw just not doing it for you anymore? Cheer up—*Girl on Girl Oil Wrestling* puts the *ass* in *rassling*. A curiously retro offering, complete with leg warmers, teased hair, ’80s-style workout gear and a *Top Gun* reference, the collection pits slick sluts against each other in carnal combat and leaves the viewer grappling with his goober. Brunettes Raven Rockette and Anna Morna get into it good in the first round. Morna is clearly the alpha bitch in this setup, dousing her tinier opponent in oil and tossing her around the ring like a rag doll. Her clothes torn away, Morna pins Rockette and neutralizes her with a two-fingers-to-the-twat death grip. Wrestling purists might bristle at some of the tactics employed—stabbing one’s adversary in the snatch with a giant dildo would probably be frowned upon by Greco-Roman standards. But issues of formality dissipate with the sight of Morna and Rockette scissoring each other in a frenzied double leglock. Tattooed erotic hellion Katrina Jade and beefy blonde Olivia Austin hit the showers and soap each other up, rubbing their hefty titties together before scouring each other’s clam pit with tongues, toys and fingers. A later match finds one of the greased-up grapplers braving the oil-slick ring in roller skates. Luckily the only thing broken is her opponent’s will, as the roller babe feeds her a faceful of pussy. *Girl on Girl Oil Wrestling* is a slippery affair—but its grip on your libido will stay tight. Order today by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

NATALIA STARR & NATALIA HEART

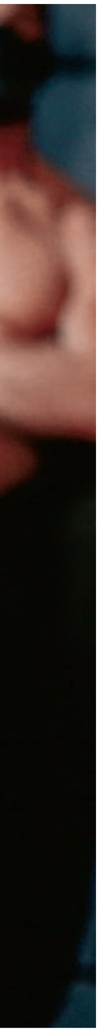
CHRISTIE STEVENS & DANICA JAMES

KATRINA JADE & OLIVIA AUSTIN

ANNA MORNA & RAVEN ROCKETTE

CARTER CRUISE

CARTER CRUISE &
AIDEN ASHLEY



CRUISE CONTROL

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: CARTER CRUISE, ASA AKIRA, AIDEN ASHLEY, STEVE HOLMES, TOMMY GUNN & JOHN STRONG.

For a DVD whose case copy reads, "Carter Is Back! And She Is Cruisin' for a Bruisin'," *Cruise Control* has trouble finding—and making—its mark. While the packaging promises kink-heavy delights, the contents deliver 50 Shades of Tame. Between all-too-lengthy segments of centerpiece snizz Carter Cruise expounding on her sexual history, aspirations and philosophies, the video offers fairly straitlaced rut sessions. Cruise and tawny-skinned sexpot Asa Akira team up to service a firm-loined goon in a perfectly fine, if fairly vanilla, threeway. Aside from some light hair-pulling and nipple-tweaking, there's nothing out of the ordinary here. That said, the sight of Cruise tongue-spearing the bitter turd blossom of an aging woodsman as he sodomizes Akira isn't without its allure. Later Cruise asserts that she gets "really aggressive" with women, right before descending on blindfolded brunette Aiden Ashley. Cruise lightly drags a whip across Ashley's delectable ass crack before engaging in a fairly standard girl-girl scene punctuated by toe-sucking and ass-munching. Again, it's not that it's a bad scene, but it's a bit like ordering the Marquis de Sade's *The 120 Days of Sodom* and receiving a Nicholas Sparks novel instead. A further scene, featuring Cruise done up in pigtails and sucking on a lollipop as she attempts to seduce a gimp-masked guard in a dungeon, is more comical than erotic, like a mismatched couple playing naughty after a hasty trip to the Spirit Halloween store. *Cruise Control* should have worked the kinks in a little more. **—P.D.R.**

ASA AKIRA & CARTER CRUISE

BOBBI DYLAN

MANUEL FERRARA'S RIPE

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: BOBBI DYLAN, ALEX GREY, MELISSA MOORE, KIMMY GRANGER & MANUEL FERRARA.

Light on plot, heavy on twat, *Manuel Ferrara's Ripe* focuses on the slap-happy sexual adventures of unkempt brute Manuel Ferrara as he manhandles a quartet of fresh, young fleshpots. Aside from being slight and brunet, Bobbi Dylan thankfully doesn't resemble her musician namesake. She does, however, play Ferrara's skin harmonica like a pro, eagerly sucking it between her trout-like lips. After a few cursory licks at Dylan's girl gulch, Ferrara wedges his considerable wang into her shorn cooter, rudely jamming a finger or two into her stink pit for good measure. During their rut, Ferrara twists Dylan's tits and slaps her ass crimson, turning in a scene that's half fuck session, half bar brawl. Fresh-faced spuzz target Melissa Moore gets her jutting udders roughed up with a series of swats before she's fed a mouthful of man ass and a poon full of prick. Moore puts her dangling milk mounds to good use, wrapping them around Ferrara's slammer and massaging him with her spit-slick cleavage. Blue-eyed, dimple-cheeked blonde Alex Grey is the true standout here; her sweet demeanor is complemented nicely by Ferrara's carnal roughhousing as he renders her alabaster nates crimson with his firm-handed discipline. The peaches in *Ripe* might end up slightly bruised in transit, but they'll get viewers' juices flowing nonetheless. **—P.D.R.**

KIMMY GRANGER

MELISSA MOORE

ALEX GREY

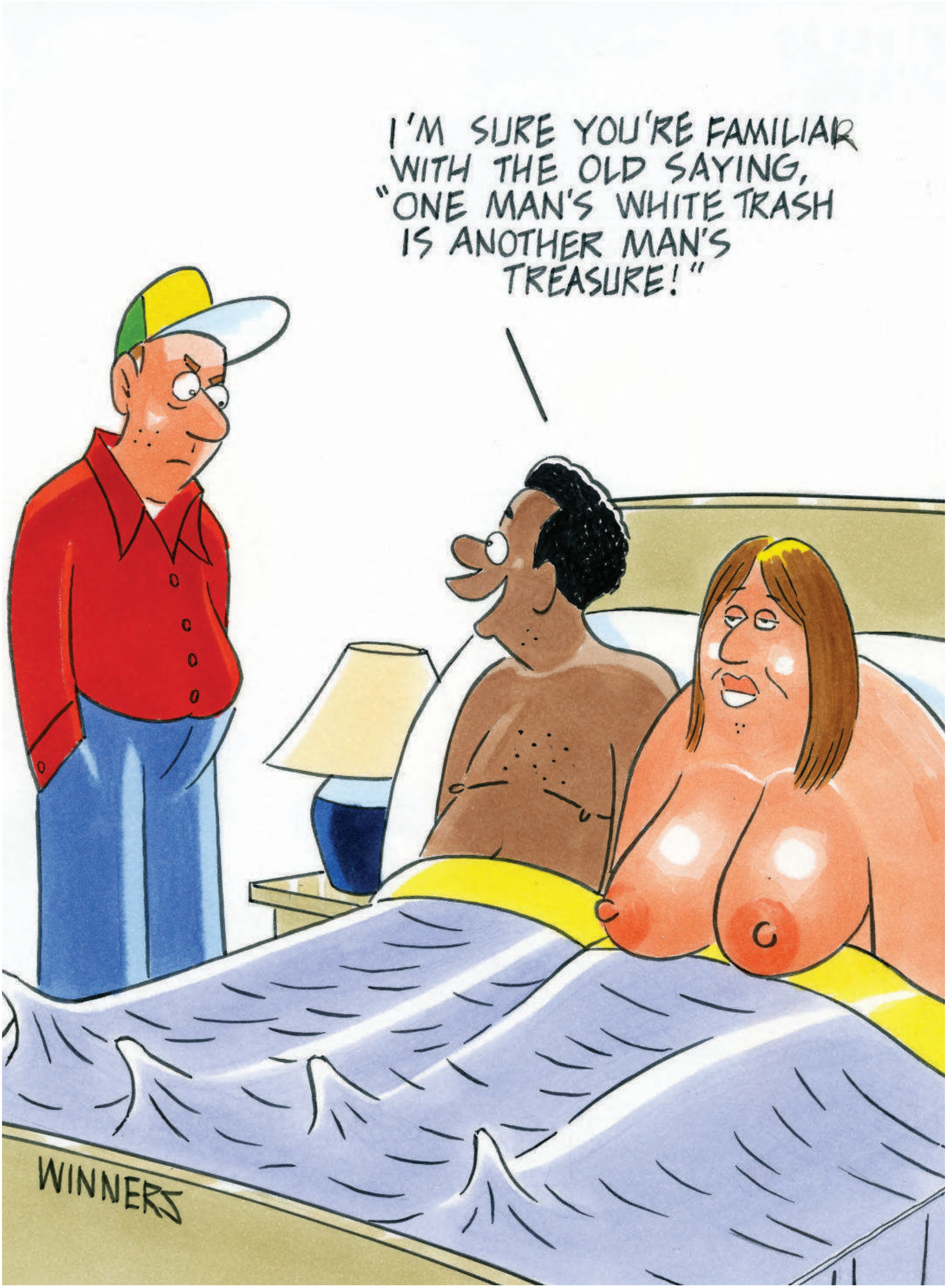
JESSICA
RYAN

PORN KITTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I used to think porn was only big-titted blondes with plastic surgery up the wazoo. When I got into the industry, I saw that there's a lot of porn—something for everything. I realized it's okay for me to watch really filthy shit. Before, I'd hide in my bedroom, type stuff into my computer and then delete my history because *Oh, my God! I like gangbangs*. Gangbangs are on the clean side of what I like now.

"When I watch porn, I totally pay attention to the acting. Sometimes it's amazing; sometimes it's so awful, it's amazing. I love how they jump from dialogue to sex. It's really fucking creative. It'd be great if people did that more in real life."


I'M SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE OLD SAYING, "ONE MAN'S WHITE TRASH IS ANOTHER MAN'S TREASURE!"
WINNERS

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN “TEX” HAGEN

PARIS

“I have a beautiful body, and it needs to be seen,” proclaims Paris, 24, an aspiring model and avowed exhibitionist from St. Marys, Georgia. “Thank you for this opportunity. I've always loved HUSTLER Magazine and the HUSTLER strip clubs!” Paris strapped on angel wings for some of her pics, but horns and a bifurcated tail would also have been apropos. “I have a wild, devilish side,” the 5-foot-7 fitness buff explains. “But when I'm not partying or having sex, I'm a good girl with a sweet, angelic personality.” Paris, whose favorite vocalists are Britney Spears and Drake, also digs “any Quentin Tarantino movie” and a bevy of adventure flicks, led by *Deadpool*, *X-Men*, *Iron Man* and *Star Wars.* Paris's amorous adventures solidify the notion that devilry is heavenly: “I've had sex at movie theaters, in a park, in an elevator, in a hot tub and on a plane,” Paris reveals. “I'm bisexual, passionate and submissive, and I love threesomes. I also love giving oral and swallowing, and I really enjoy anal sex. It makes me come a lot.” A lot of people will come if readers respond to Paris's parting plea: “Squirt, scream and have sweet dreams!”

—Photos by Casper Muñoz Photography

"An all-girl orgy is one of my fantasies, and my other fantasy is to have a guy who will let me take charge in the bedroom."

Instagram: @ElectricBarbieStar

MADI

"I admire HUSTLER Magazine," says Madi, 18, from Ponca City, Oklahoma. "The thought of being featured in *Beaver Hunt* was so exciting for me, I just had to try making it." She's eager to make a great first impression. Admittedly "talkative and personable," the 5-foot-8 neophyte model fills us in on her pastimes: "I love gaming, baking and rock music, especially The Smiths and The Cure, and my favorite movie is *American Psycho*." Madi also enjoys having her "senses taken away," and she reciprocates: "I'm bisexual, very playful and upfront with what I want and how I want it. I love worshiping cock, and I give amazing blowjobs. On special occasions I like coating my boyfriend's cock with warm honey and sucking it off. I'm always down to go through with crazy, impulsive ideas. I had sex in a river, right down the road from my parents' house, absolutely nothing covering me or the guy." Madi's fantasy is much more dignified: "I'd love to be seduced by an older, successful man at a party and whisked away." *—Photos by TessendorfPhoto.com*

"I love the idea of guys wanting to play with themselves when they see me totally uncovered. Nude modeling is so exciting!"

Twitter: @ SableRenae
SableRenae.com • Facebook.com/Sable.Renae

SABLE RENAE

It took quite a while, but Tulsa, Oklahoma's Sable Renae, 45, is right where she wants to be. "I grew up with HUSTLER in the house," the former Air Force brat recalls. "My dad was a subscriber. I used to sneak peeks at the ladies in the magazine and found the photos very intriguing. I wanted to be a nude model someday. When I got older, the fact that HUSTLER and Mr. Flynt fiercely fight to protect the freedom of speech simply sealed the deal." Sable is certainly intriguing. "At heart I'm a nerd and a geek," the 5-foot-5 reading aficionada discloses. "My favorite TV shows are *House of Cards*, *Doctor Who* and *The Big Bang Theory*. I'm also an exhibitionist, attention hound, hedonist and voyeur. I am extremely comfortable exploring multiple options in the great palette of sex. I am adept at using my creative instincts, and I have a sweet and playful approach. My bedroom demeanor pulsates with passion, spiciness and love." No wonder Sable ended a ten-year stint as a megabank's bill collector and took her amorous savvy to northern Nevada's Sagebrush Ranch. "I absolutely love sex and meeting people," the "very outgoing" legal courtesan marvels. "I can fulfill their cravings and wildest fantasies." Hedroflexible Sable tends to live out her fantasies, but one is still up for grabs: "I'd love to be part of an energetic orgy with an equal number of men and women." *—Photos by Friend*

KYLIE KOHL

"Who doesn't want to get all glammed up and take sexy photos?" coos Kylie Kohl, 29, an aspiring model from Chicago, Illinois. "I'm very comfortable being nude. I've been naked just about everywhere—in the middle of New York City, state parks, college classrooms, a cotton field. One of the weird places I've had sex was on the side of a highway during the day." The 5-foot-7 South Sider, meaning she's a big White Sox fan, adds, "I'm a down-to-earth people pleaser, and I love to make people laugh. My favorite hobbies are dancing with my hula hoop, playing video games like Call of Duty, Halo and Hearthstone: Heroes of Warcraft and watching *Game of Thrones*. I may have a small girl crush on Daenerys. I'm straight, mind you, but I have experimented with girls in the past. You can't knock it until you've tried it, but I definitely need a manly man." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My favorite position is doggy-style. I just love when a man slaps my ass, grabs my hips and pulls me to him!"

Facebook.com/Kylie.Kohl.92
Twitter: @KylieKohlXOXO
Instagram: @KylieKohlXO

“I’m still waiting to have sex on a beach, and I haven’t been tied up yet either!”

CECE ADAMS

“I’m definitely a thrill-seeker,” professes Cece Adams, 22, an account manager from Spring, Texas. “I have streaked on my college campus, flashed random drivers numerous times and had sex in a movie theater, a car in a busy parking lot, and out in a field under the stars.” Giving HUSTLER readers a thorough look-see is also in Cece’s wheelhouse: “I love being in front of a camera, and I actually feel more comfortable naked.” Getting comfy with the 5-foot-8 basketball and swimming enthusiast is highly recommended. “I’m bubbly, witty, ambitious, confident and bright,” Cece tells us. “And it doesn’t take anything fancy to make me happy. I’ll settle for hot dogs and mac ’n’ cheese, then cuddling up while watching a movie together.” If that’s only the prelude, here’s what’s in store: “I love foreplay; my favorite positions are doggy-style, cowgirl and reverse cowgirl; and I can play the dominant or submissive roles. I’m also trysexual, meaning I will try anything once. If I like it, I will do it again and again.” Cece is eager to try mixing things up: “My fantasy is to have a threesome with my boyfriend and another girl.” *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"My most memorable sexual adventure was the first time I had sex out in public where someone could easily see! My boyfriend and I were at the movies, in the back corner. The theater wasn't packed, but it sure wasn't empty. I'm a thrill-seeker, so this just intensified every feeling!"

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To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published　　Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth　　Model's Social Security number　　Occupation

Telephone (include area code)　　Personal e-mail address

Address

City　　State　　Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

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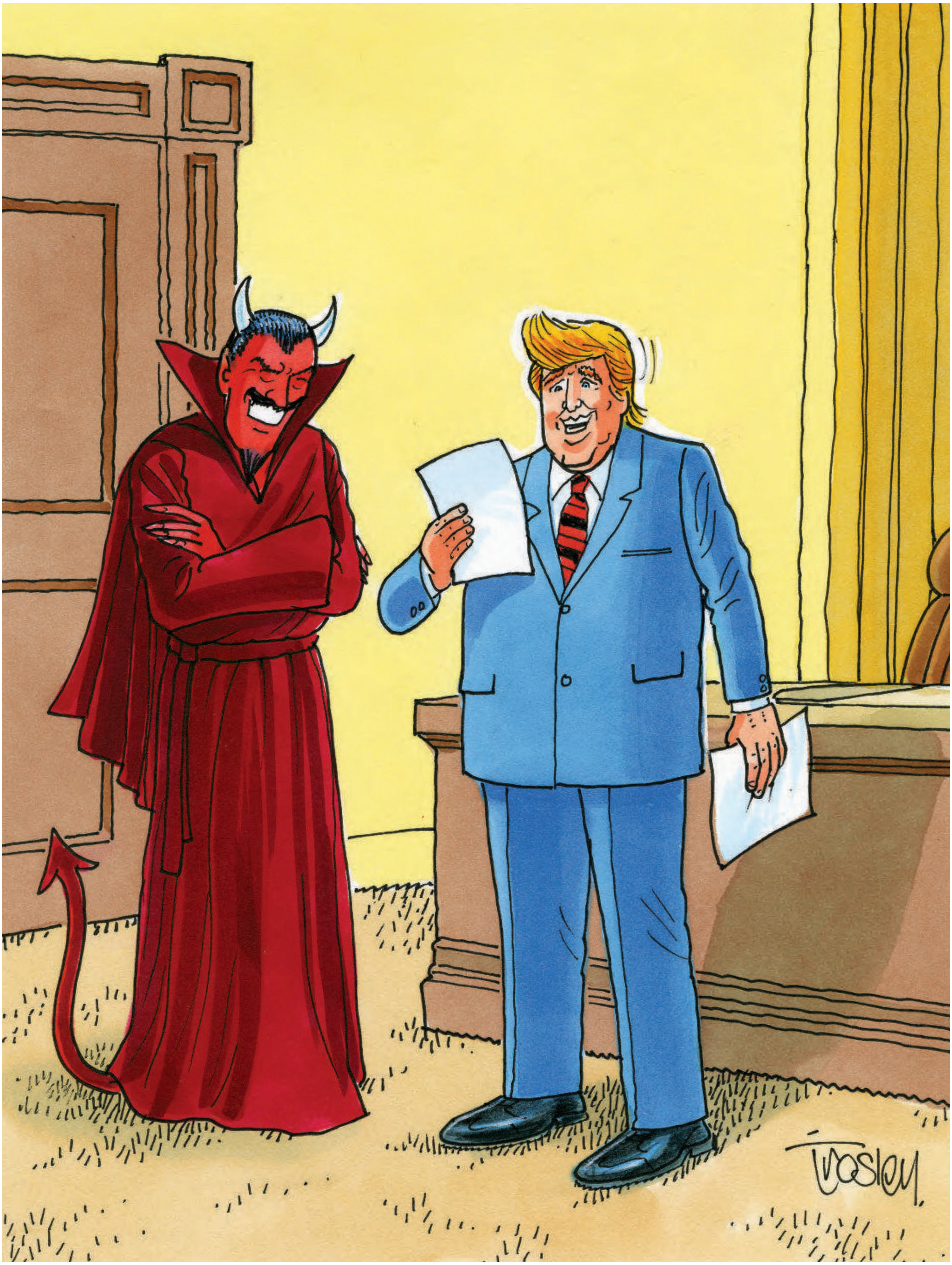


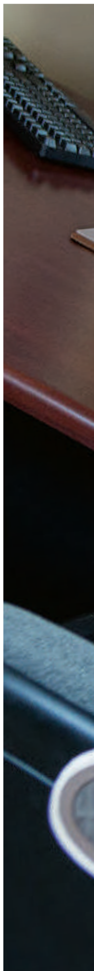
"Thanks! This is fantastic! You are a great speech writer!"

HUSTLER

ASS GRASS & CASH

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

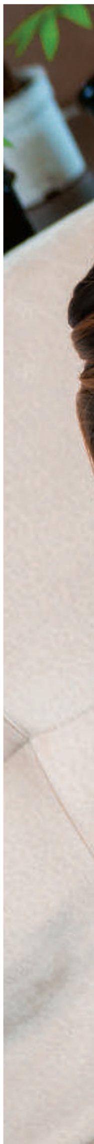
NATASHA STARR & BLAIR WILLIAMS



AMARA ROMANI

Yes, marijuana is a gateway drug—to sexual pleasure. Time slows *waaay* down as these luscious sexpots lose their inhibitions and come in every color. Tasty, wet edibles and a joint in every hand, mouth and puss all lead to seriously chronic orgasms. Trip out on *Ass, Grass & Cash* by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

CAMERON CANELA



(continued from page 35)

"I tried to explain to her that I am making a brand, a business. I'm not some poor porn star, messed up and on drugs." For the record, Cindy does not even drink alcohol. "She is so concerned with what to tell people I do for work and that I am not using my college degree," Cindy continues. "Being Asian, of course you have to do something involved with medicine, be a nurse or something. I tell her to lie and say I'm a nurse. It's weird because she will buy lingerie for me to wear in scenes, but does not say anything supportive. My friend gave me good advice though; she said my mom probably buys me lingerie to show her support and love without having to actually say it."

I ask them who won the bid for tonight's live show, and they tell me it's a superfan named Eric. He often comes to conventions and hangs by Tia and Cindy's booth all day.

"Eric's really sweet," says Tia. "Just shy. Not every fan is as sweet as him."

"A lot of times the webcam guys are shy and it's hard for them," Cindy chimes in as she fluffs up her hair in the mirror. She's now changed out of her terry cloth romper into a lacy black lingerie set. "I always say we provide a public service as porn stars," she continues. "We are helping people relieve stress. We talk with them, let them jerk off to us and make their lives better. I love being a woman. I love that power."

Before they start the show, Cindy disappears into her spare bedroom. When she comes back, she is dragging a red and black director's chair with her name stitched on it. She props it in the corner, outside of camera frame, and pats the seat for me. "You get to use my special chair!"

Tia and Cindy jump on the bed and place the laptop at the edge of the mattress. Using Skype, they connect with Eric, who is patiently awaiting the show. After a few technical problems, they get everything in gear and start playfully fondling one another, all the while keeping their main attention on Eric. I am curious, so I keep getting up to peek at the computer screen. The fan's rubbing himself over his boxers and only takes them off after he asks Tia for permission and she grants him a "Yes." At one point Cindy is licking Tia's ass—the girls devour each other like a slumber party gone rogue—and Eric sheepishly requests to see Cindy's face. Cindy is professional and attentive, always engaging with Eric even while she's having sex. The girlfriends bounce back and forth in a sensual rhythm. They enjoy each other, but this tease is for their fan, and they make that clear. The session flies by, and Eric comes. Twice.

Afterward Tia and Cindy chat with him, thanking him and letting him know they're looking forward to seeing him the next day at a

"IN THIS BUSINESS NO ONE JUDGES ME FOR BEING A SEXUAL PERSON. THEY APPLAUD IT."

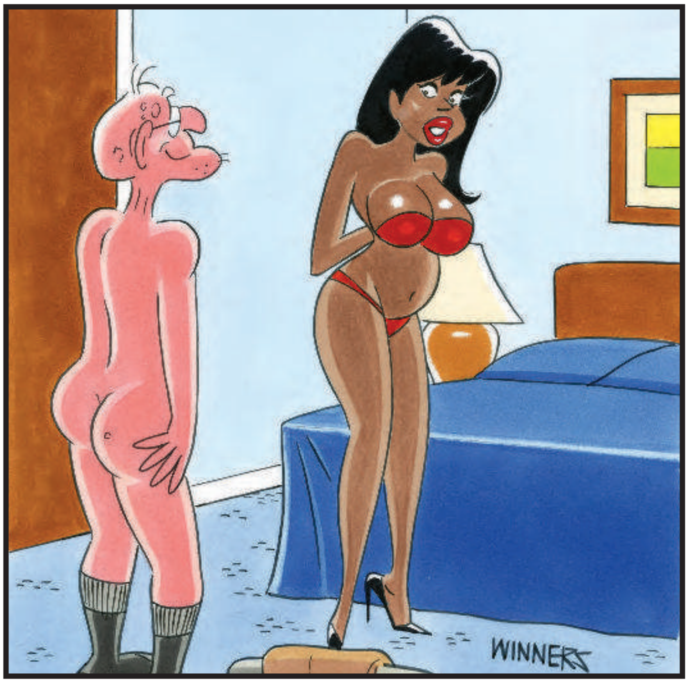
convention in San Diego, where they will be selling DVDs, signing autographs and taking photos with admirers. He compliments them endlessly, and they blow him kisses goodbye. Both still naked, Cindy asks me what I thought. “I kept seeing you out of the corner of my eye,” she laughs.

Tia and Cindy don’t put any clothes on to walk me downstairs. I imagine they have plans of their own. They traipse me down the hallway and to the front door. I thank them for having me over, and they press their naked bodies up to my clothed one for a goodbye hug.

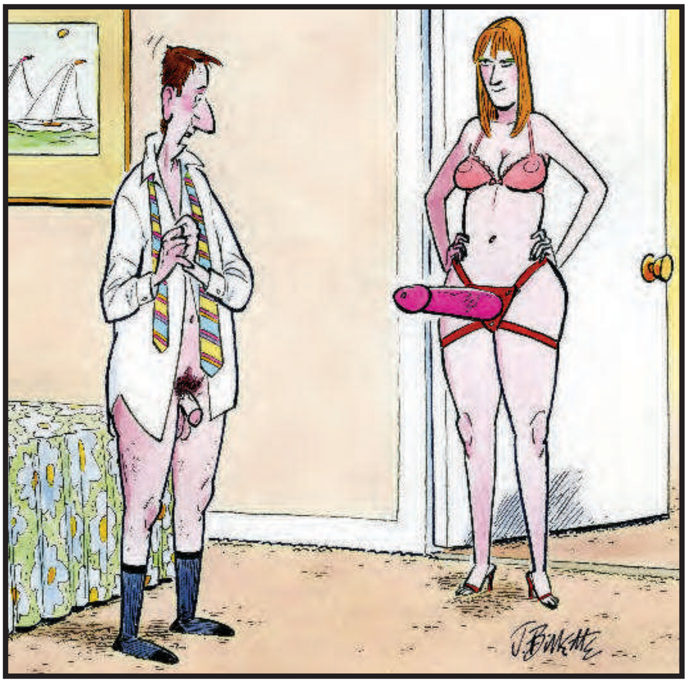
“Do you think you can do porn forever?” I ask Cindy.

“I can be myself in porn,” she replies. “Even if I am not shooting someday, I will have my own company. In this business no one judges me for being a sexual person. They applaud it. There is no slut shaming. If I was at an office job, my sex life would be shocking to the people I worked with. I will always be sexual, but I think porn itself does have a shelf life.” She smiles. “I can’t see myself fully retired. I will always be in the sex business. I’m a sexual person.”

Follow Cindy on Twitter @CindyStarfall and like her on Instagram @CStarfall. You can join her Exclusive Club or shop for all things Starfall at ***CindyStarfall.net****.*



“Mister, there is a good chance you won’t live through this, so where do you want me to send your clothes?”



“Whoa!—wait a minute! In the bar, when you said that you loved anal, I naturally thought...”

CLAUDIA & BILLY

LICK IT AND STICK IT

HUSTLER CLASSIC
JANUARY 2002
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE McLEAN

Claudia's pussy drips. She hopes to rouse her boyfriend's thirst for wet cunt. "Eat it!" the quivering nymph implores, demanding satisfaction. Growing tired of the needy cunt after a few laps, Billy slobbers on his girlfriend's shitter and wedges his slick shaft past her sphincters. "Oh, God!" **Claudia** grunts approvingly. "Wrong hole. Right move!"

Coming SOON

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WHEELER WALKER JR.

This Kentucky comedian-cum-cowboy likes his country-western with a side of poon-twang. HUSTLER sits down with the breakout XXX hillbilly crooner to better understand the artist behind future classics like "Fuck You Bitch," "Better Off Beatin' Off" and "Eatin' Pussy/Kickin' Ass."

GOLDEN SHOWER

1986: The shuttle *Challenger* exploded before our eyes, Halley's Comet reached its closest point to the sun, and the Senate went out on a limb to approve a treaty outlawing genocide. And HUSTLER? Busy drenching readers in one of the hottest, wettest, nastiest photospreads we've ever run. Is this shit even legal?

LESBIANS IN HISTORY

Cave babe, Viking Venus, futuristic fox—carpet munchers throughout the ages have much in common—beautiful breasts; hot, wet cunts; and fingers and tongues that go everywhere. These kitten charmers straddle time for the love of banging orgasms.

VALERIE VIXEN